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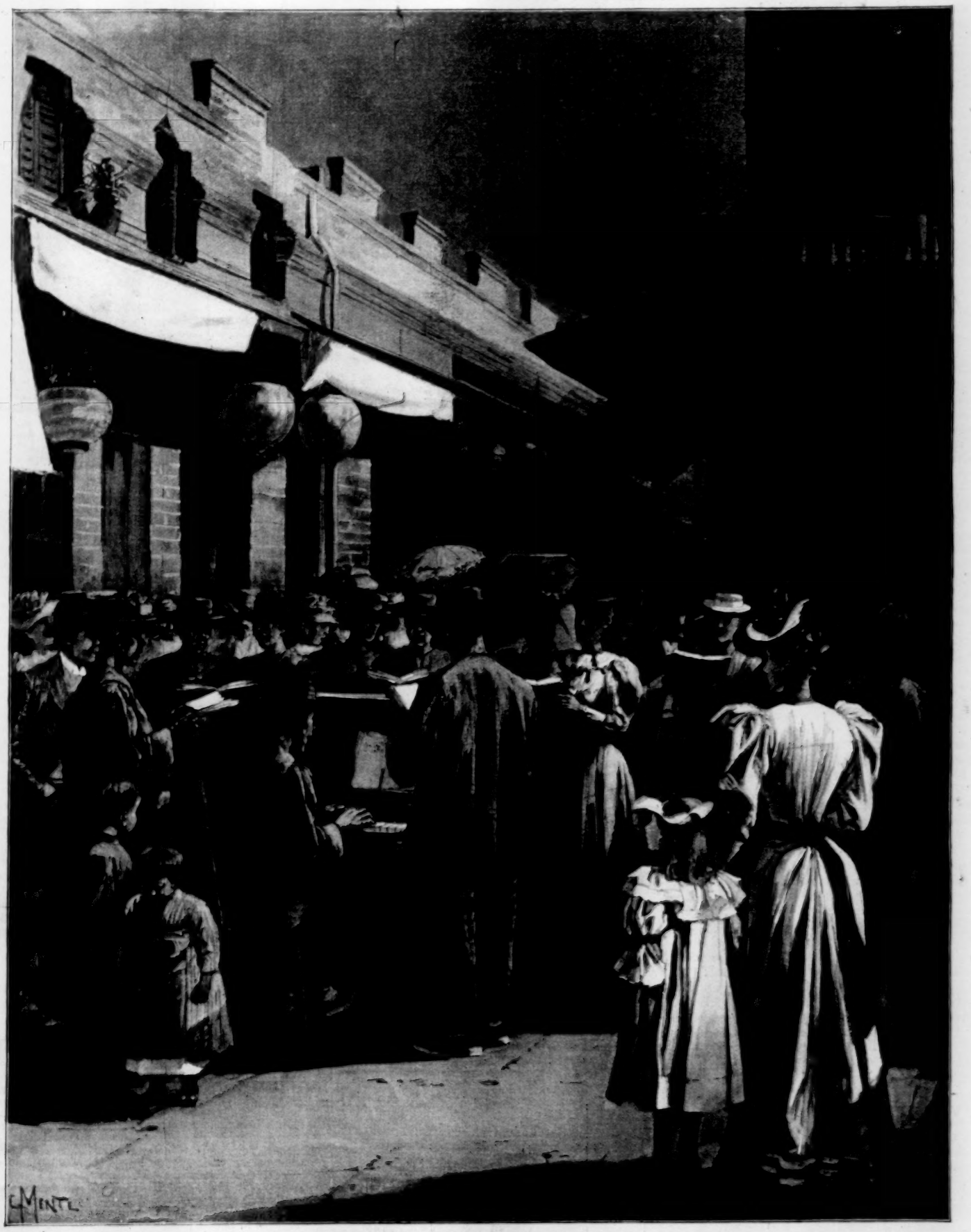

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN CHINATOWN, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—SINGING HYMNS IN THE STREET.

DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 778.]

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THE SNARES OF HARMONY.

WHEN a cry for Democratic harmony comes from Tammany Hall, it has a peculiar significance. It is well known that Tammany is an association of politicians formed for the distinct purpose of extracting for their own benefit as much money as possible from the pockets of the citizens of New York city by means of the municipal government. Whether the Tammany society was originally organized for this purpose matters little. We are speaking of Tammany Hall as it now is. Recent investigations have furnished new illustrations of the manner in which the systematic robbery is carried on, and new hints as to the immense amount of pelf thus obtained. Tammany keeps up its voting force and maintains itself in power, first, by shrewdly using a part of the toll levied upon the community in "taking care" of a large number of people in various sorts of ways, thus holding together a mercenary multitude for action at the polls; and secondly by appealing, as the "regular organization," at election times to Democratic party spirit. This it does upon false pretences, for although it occasionally passes resolutions concerning national affairs, it really, as a body, cares nothing about them, and will never hesitate to sacrifice national interests in order to keep New York city in its grip. But the false pretence usually serves the purpose of distracting the opposition. By a clever combination of these two lines of policy Tammany has managed to maintain itself in power during a considerable period, its ascendancy being only now and then for a short time interrupted by spasmodic uprisings of the outraged community. But, holding its organization in working order, Tammany soon recovered its position of power after every reverse.

The reason why Tammany could keep hold of the city government, although a considerable majority of the voters have always been opposed to it, is that this majority is usually divided by party politics. The Democratic organizations started against Tammany were more or less controlled by party interests having nothing to do with the good of the city, and soon lost their moral prestige. The Republicans were most of the time so completely under the influence of a short-sighted partisan selfishness that they frequently played directly into Tammany's hands. And there was no organization of an enduring character devoting itself sincerely and exclusively to the cause of good municipal government which could have served as a constant nucleus, morally and materially, for anti-Tammany movements. In all these respects the present situation of things is more propitious. The State Democracy started from a stronger moral impulse than its predecessors, and has so far given greater promise of consistency. The Republicans are divided in sentiment, and a large part of their force seems unwilling to be guided by narrow-minded partisanship. And in the City Club, the Good Government clubs, and the German-American Reform Union we have confederated organizations of public-spirited citizens which command a large voting force, and make the overthrow of municipal misrule and the establishment of municipal government upon business principles their sole object. There seems to be, therefore, a better chance than ever for a strong combination against Tammany, with a good-government party in it that bids fair to last when this year's fight is over, and steadily to continue its efforts.

It is under these circumstances that Tammany Hall comes forth with a pathetic plea for party harmony. Mayor GILROY, who, after the great CROKER has marched off with his booty, is generally recognized not only as the ablest, but also as the most influential of the Tammany leaders, the new Tammany boss *de facto*, fairly flows over with self-denying patriotism. The Democratic party and its cause, he says, are in great danger. If the Democrats are beaten in this year's municipal and State elections, New York will be hopelessly lost to them in the national election of 1896. In view of this possible calamity, no sacrifice of personal interest or ambition should be considered too great. Mr. GILROY is ready not only to take himself out of the way as a candidate for re-election, but to see Tammany nominate a candidate for the Mayoralty who does not belong to the Tammany organization. Only let the Democrats harmoniously stand together! Mr. GILROY is not alone in this touching attitude. Some of the chiefs of the Democratic State machine—indeed not all of them—have spoken in the same dulcet strain, and we are sorry to see some people who ought to know better take it up and carry it on.

Nothing could be more transparent than this artful game. Tammany would not think a moment of giving up a particle of its prey, did it not, in consequence of recent exposures of its iniquities, and in view of the possibility of a strong hostile combination, see itself in danger of losing the whole of it. It simply tries to detach from that combination the State Democracy by seemingly anxious cries about the disasters threatening the Democratic party, and also by its offer to nominate an outsider—perhaps a State Democrat—for the Mayoralty. In fact, it is not true that a defeat this autumn of the Democratic party under Tammany or machine leadership in the city or in the State would foreshadow or help in bringing about a Democratic defeat in the country at the next Presidential election. National elections have repeatedly gone contrary to the New York State elections preceding them. Indeed, if the Democrats of the State of New York would throw Tammany and the machine bosses altogether overboard, once and forever, even at the risk of suffering a temporary defeat in consequence thereof, it would immensely increase the strength of the Democratic party in the national sense by adding untold thousands of voters to its ranks; for every candid observer knows that Tammany is the incubus of the Democratic party, constantly serving to frighten decent people away from it. Moreover, Tammany does not care a straw for the national interests of the party whose name it bears, and puts forth its sweet notes about Democratic harmony only to save as much as possible of its chance for robbing the city.

Its offer to nominate a man not belonging to Tammany Hall for Mayor may be sincere enough. It has done such things before in stress of weather. It has also experienced some disappointments in nominating in that way men who did not turn out to its liking. But it may be depended upon not to make such mistakes again. It will select a respectable citizen who will be sure always to recognize his obligation to Tammany Hall, and to do nothing calculated seriously to annoy his creator. And then, with its organization intact, and its interests well taken care of, Tammany will bodily step into the shoes of the respectable outsider again as soon as his official term is over. If Tammany meant anything else, it should leave the nomination of the Mayor to anti-Tammany men.

These things must be clear to every man of ordinary understanding. The election of Tammany candidates of any kind for the sake of harmony means the indefinite postponement of practical reform in our municipal government. You cannot harmonize with Tammany without being subservient to its interests. The only way to render Tammany harmless is to beat it at the polls, and in addition, if possible, to prosecute its malefactors and send them to the penitentiary. It is to be hoped that the State Democrats will unswervingly stand by their declaration never to vote for any candidate nominated by Tammany, whoever he be. If they permitted themselves to be hoodwinked by this shallow artifice of harmony they would, after their grand manifestoes, and in view of the magnificent opportunities before them, be buried under universal ridicule and contempt for their imbecility and cowardice, and justify the conclusion that those who have the cause of good government sincerely at heart must, in this State at least, never again look with confidence to any organization calling itself Democratic.

THE DECADENCE OF SILVER.

THERE are no questions of political or economic policy concerning which the people of this country have shown such shrewd common-sense and such long and accurate memories as those relating to money. We say this in view of the triumph of Mr. OATES in the gubernatorial election in Alabama on the 6th of this month. It is true that the Legislature chosen at the same time is supposed to be committed to the re-election of Senator MORGAN, but the real struggle was between Mr. OATES and Mr. KOLB, and the issue of that struggle was sharply defined. Mr. OATES represented the policy of the Administration, and Mr. KOLB stood for the Populist theories, which both Senators MORGAN and PUGH adopted in the long struggle of last autumn over the proposition to repeal the SHERMAN act. Mr. OATES's expressed views on the currency question are not thoroughly sound, but in the Alabama contest he was the leader of those who believe in sound money, and he ran for Governor on a platform which was far in advance of recent utterances of Alabama Democrats. He also voted for the repeal of the SHERMAN law, and the platform on which he stood qualified its demand for the free coinage of silver by the saving phrase, "when it can be done consistently with the maintenance of a sound and safe currency."

This is a distinct advance from the position that the supply of silver coin must be limited only by the cupidity of the mine-owners. The free-silver movement is essentially a movement for fiat-money, and the insertion of this saving clause in the Alabama Democratic platform, and the result of the election, indicate that the general discussion of the currency question has at least convinced the Democratic politicians of that State, and the majority of the voters, that money must possess substantial value, and that currency must be "sound and safe," as well as plentiful.

Another significant testimony to the enlightening effect of discussion of the currency question was the action of the Democratic State Convention of Missouri. The convention was supposed to be hostile to the Federal administration, and in the struggle for control Mr. BLAND overcame all opposition. And yet the platform abandons the theory, long maintained by Mr. BLAND as fundamental, that gold and silver should continue to be coined at the ratio of 16 to 1.

In Iowa marked progress has been made, at least by the Democratic party. In 1891 the Democratic platform of that State not only reiterated the "demand of one year ago for the free coinage of silver, and that it be made full legal tender for all debts public and private," but insisted that private citizens should not be permitted to "stipulate against payment in silver and silver certificates, thus setting up one standard for the creditor and another for the debtor, one for the poor man and another for the rich man." This year the Iowa Democrats, while still declaring themselves to be in favor of the coinage of both gold and silver "without discriminating against either metal," say that "the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value," and they "demand that all paper currency shall be kept at par with and redeemable in such coin." Nearly as important as the adoption of this declaration was the defeat by a vote of 697 to 329 of a minority resolution calling for "such legislation and such action on the part of the government as will increase the coinage of silver, and maintain it equal in value to gold." The belief in the efficacy of statutes to equalize values seems to be passing away from the Democratic mind in Iowa.

Debate has always been a most potent weapon against financial heresies in this country. From 1872 until 1874 the Republican party in Congress was dominated by men who believed in printing money. They were for unlimited greenbacks. The head of what was then known as the "inflation movement" was Senator FERRY of Michigan, who stood so high in the Republican party that he was President *pro tempore* of the Senate. Most of the strong Republican leaders of the West were for inflation. They were opposed by President GRANT and by the Republicans of the East. The debates in the Senate, however, for there were debates and debaters in that body twenty years ago, more than anything else, dissipated the miasma of ignorance which the greenback demagogues had succeeded in creating. The discussion of the money question at that time was thorough. The speeches made in Congress were widely distributed. The press lent a powerful aid to the side of honesty. The people were enlightened, for they took an intelligent interest in the subject—as the American people do in every subject that affects their material interests—and they read eagerly and understandingly the mass of current literature that was provided for them. The result was disastrous to the inflationists. FERRY soon ceased to be a Senator, and the Republican party was well rid of a question that at one time threatened to disintegrate it.

In the same way discussion of the silver question is convincing the people that good currency is better than cheap money, even if it is harder to get. It is teaching them, too, that if they get less money for what they sell, the good dollar buys more than the cheap dollar. They are learning that the laws of nature apply to coined metals just as they do to the same metals in the ore or in the bar. In short, they are learning over again the elementary truths with which they became familiar through the great debate of GRANT'S time, but which had been driven out of memory temporarily by the shoutings of the fiscal philosophers who periodically vex the land somewhat after the fashion of the marauding locusts.

The silver phantasy is in its decadence. The raid on good money is about over. As the Republicans were the first to learn that the heresy which they advocated in 1873 and later was unpopular because they were most closely connected with it, so the Democrats are learning now that they have been inviting not only the contempt of intelligent men, but defeat at the polls, by the surrender to the silver miners. It seems, however, to be the doom of minorities in this country to seek to return to power by devious paths and by the adoption of cast-off theories and manias. After the Satan of inflation had been driven out of the Republican camp, the Democratic hosts invited him into theirs, with the result of making Mr. HAYES President. And now when the Democrats are becoming sane anent silver, Mr. LODGE, Mr. REED, and other Republicans are seized by the insanity, and the National Republican League adopts a resolution gravely asserting that it does not believe "that there will be a permanent return of prosperity to our country until the full use and highest position of silver [*sic*] shall be restored." But with this sorry exception, indicative of the proneness of politicians towards error, the signs are that the silver epidemic is on the wane.

HISTORY OF THE SUGAR TRUST.

"FOR a number of years I have made 200 per cent. at least on the amount of my investment," is said to have been the assertion of Mr. F. O. Matthiessen, one of the principal promoters of the Sugar Trust. Accepting this statement as correct, it is evident that sugar-refining was one of the most lucrative of all industries prior to 1887, when the Sugar Trust was organized. The year 1886 was an exception to the general rule. Few refiners made any profit. The cause of this seeming failure might have been found in the business foresight, genius, and concerted working of certain sugar-refining magnates (the Havemeyers and Matthiessen), who wished to create a trust composed of all the fraternity, and who therefore conducted commercial operations in such style as to reduce profits to a minimum, and thus enforced recalcitrants to fall in with their plans and purposes.

In the formation of the Sugar Trust the F. O. Matthiessen & Wiechers Sugar-Refining Company of Jersey City, the De Castro & Donner, the Havemeyer of Brooklyn, the Stand-

ard and Bay State of Boston, the Continental, Forest City, St. Louis, Planters', Louisiana, and North River Sugar-Refining companies co-operated. The establishment of Moller & Sierck was purchased and closed. The firms of Havemeyer & Elder, Dick & Meyer, Oxnard Brothers & Co. also united with the new organization, in connection with whose affairs the names of F. O. Matthiessen, H. O. Havemeyer, John E. Searles, Julius A. Stursberg, Theodore A. Havemeyer, Joseph E. Thomas, John Jurgensen, Hector C. Havemeyer, Charles H. Duff, William Dick, and others became more or less prominent.

Control of the entire supply of raw sugar, economy in manufacture, utilization of the best processes of refining, and command of markets were the objects held in view. If in compassing these ends competitors should be forced to the wall, operatives thrown out of employment, and the people compelled to pay higher prices than would obtain under the old methods—"why, these are only the unpleasant incidents of legally successful business." Selfishness is the primal force in commercial pursuits. The poor may object to growing poorer; the rich to getting richer—never.

And so the Sugar Trust was organized with a capital of $50,000,000—$25,000,000 being in preferred and $25,000,000 in common stock. The plants owned by the several members, including one that afterwards declined amalgamation, were liberally valued at 35 per cent. of $50,000,000, or $17,500,000, and on this basis stock to the amount of $42,500,000 was issued. The $7,500,000 left in the treasury, rumor says, was used in compromising the suit of Mr. Heintz for his commissions and in the distribution of various bonuses. Funds for conducting the business in all the operated plants were obtained through the issuance of $10,000,000 of bonds. These, which take precedence of the preferred stock, were accepted as collateral security by leading members of the Trust—individuals loaning money on them, or portions of them, as necessity required. One trustee (Mr. F. O. Matthiessen) is said to have loaned from one to two million dollars at a time. Who the owners of these bonds now are, or whether they are exclusively the property of the Trust, and as such counted in its surplus, is not generally known, perhaps not known at all to outsiders.

On the New York Stock Exchange the price of Sugar Trust certificates started at 70, and rose to 126 in 1889. From that altitude it dropped to 50 in January, 1890, and thence rose to 70 in the following month. Fluctuations so violent may be explained in part by the suit brought by Mr. Henry W. Gray, as receiver of the North River Sugar-Refining Company, in the New York Supreme Court, on December 31, 1889, against the corporations and firms composing the Sugar Trust, for the dissolution of the partnership entered into by it with the North River Sugar-Refining Company (which owed no debts, and was owned by the Trust), and for an injunction restraining the individual defendants from paying out further dividends, or otherwise disposing of the assets of said copartnership. This suit, which was based upon the decision of Judge Barrett, and upon that of the Supreme Court in General Term in November, 1889, affirming the illegality of the Sugar Trust—that it was a conspiracy and against public policy, and that the several corporations composing the Trust had exceeded their powers by entering into the combination and had forfeited their charters, and that the Trust was a copartnership of which each of the companies was a general partner—severely shook the confidence of certificate-holders. Claus Spreckels and other competing refiners were said to be steadily diminishing the earnings of the Trust, and that Congress in all probability would take such action in regard to duties as would still further deplete the purses of the sugar barons. "Reliable authority" still further affirmed that purchases of raw materials at high figures and low quotations for refined sugars involved the Trust in actual loss. The chances were that the refineries would be sold "under the hammer," and the proceeds deposited with the court for distribution when the rightful owners should be determined by legal process. If Mr. Gray's suit should be successful, then the legal fees, interruption of business, and loss on the entire properties—the original value of which, as stated by the owners, was under $13,000,000—would surely and greatly depreciate the value of the stock.

Further light on its enormous depreciation is shed by an article in the Sunday *Herald* of February 16, 1890—said to have been inserted with the concurrence of one of the Sugar Trust grandees. This article truly remarks that "when the inside history of the Sugar Trust [which refuses to publish any report] is brought to light—as it surely will be one of these days—a most surprising chapter will be added to the annals of speculation"; that "the Messrs. Havemeyer received about $16,000,000 of the $50,000,000 certificates issued by the Trust, and, moreover, held the highest positions in the board of trustees"; that "it may now be asserted that the whole of the Havemeyers' $16,000,000 of certificates were sold out last summer for from $100 to $125 per share, and [that they] did not begin buying them back until a few days ago. The buying and the selling were brilliantly managed by a famous operator [James R. Keene], and assuming that they have regained the entire $16,000,000 worth, it would seem that he has made for the Havemeyers one of the most gigantic turns on record—a turn which shows them a profit something like $6,000,000."

The Havemeyers declined to buy the certificates they had sold until Judge O'Brien, on the 11th of February, 1890, relieved them from fear of injunction on the payment of dividends and the pressing of Mr. Gray's suit to a receivership.

The Court of Appeals in the following April heard arguments *pro* and *con* whether the Trust, as then constituted, might legally continue to exist. Its subsequent decision necessitated reorganization, which was accomplished in January, 1891, in accordance with the laws of the State of New Jersey, under the title of the American Sugar-Refining Company.

Some may ask if there were any purposed connection between Receiver Gray's suit and Wall Street operations. If so, those who lost from $1 to $75 on each share of their panic sales might be glad to learn the facts.

Wall Street is an institution whose mysteries are most easily explicable by inside cliques of operators who direct its movements. One member of the Sugar Trust is said to have sold his own stock at more than 90; and, as executor, that (about three millions) of his deceased partner at about 60. He covered his own short sales, and bought an amount of stock equal to what he had sold, at 57. How the prices of active stocks are raised and lowered on the Stock Exchange is familiarly known to great operators. The price of the last sale on any day fixes the market value of any particular stock. The large holder knows how to make one hand wash the other by means of matched orders—the only expense to him being the commission to brokers that he must pay in the process. He can instruct A to sell 1000 shares whose market value is 100 at 98 or 95, and at the same time direct B to buy 1000 shares at that price. Or he may reverse the process if he wishes to *bull* the stock. Either course may be followed so long as it seems advisable. Of course the operator must contend with supporters of the stock he *bears*, and content himself with the loss if they first accept his broker's offers. But this he may do, with probability of ultimately recouping himself, provided he has enough of the certificates in his safe to carry on the contest. His may be one of the level, confident heads in the excitement of the battle. "He who plays with loaded dice can afford to keep cool as to the issue of the game.

Whether any such strategy were adopted in the depression of Sugar Trust certificates from 125 to 50 is neither affirmed nor denied, for the sufficient reason that only dealers in them are acquainted with the facts. The New York *Tribune* of July 31, 1894, declares that "most of the present transactions in this stock [the Sugar Trust] are what is known as *wash* sales."

Prior to these memorable transactions a member of the brokerage firm of Fox, Leonard, & Co., in New York—which is now suing in the Supreme Court of the State of New York for their commission of 2½ per cent. on $19,500,000, or $487,500—was employed in September, 1889, by Mr. F. O. Matthiessen to buy what could be bought of the sugar-refineries then outside the Trust, so as to control, if all could be obtained, the entire business within the United States. E. C. Kilight & Co. of Philadelphia were the first to capitulate. In 1887 they had offered to sell for $900,000. Making about $500,000 in 1889 through the rise in the price of raw sugars, they refused an offer of $1,000,000 in cash, but were willing to part with their property for $1,500,000. They held and operated it until March, 1892, when the title thereto passed to the Sugar Trust in consideration of $2,050,000 in stock.

For the property of Harrison, Frazier, & Co. of Philadelphia the New York agent first offered $6,000,000, and when this was rejected was authorized by his principals to raise the bid to $10,000,000, to be paid half in cash and half in stock at the end of twelve months. He did proffer $9,000,000, with probabilities of acceptance. His employer, on receiving the report, was so much pleased with it, inasmuch as it left a margin of $1,000,000 for other negotiations, that he promised the commission of 2½ per cent., or $250,000, on the entire $10,000,000 that Mr. Leonard was empowered to bid. He also further agreed—as is stated in the sworn testimony on records of the Supreme Court—to pay 2½ per cent. commission to Mr. Leonard on any or all of these properties which should be acquired by himself, or himself and associates, or by their successors in the Sugar Trust. But it was not deemed wise by the Trust magnate and his associates to close the bargain until Claus Spreckels should decide whether he would or would not accept an offer, first of five, and then of six million dollars in cash for his Philadelphia and San Francisco refineries. The latter offer was made to one of his sons on the 6th of December. Meanwhile, to make assurance doubly sure, the New York agent was given the option of raising his bid to $7,000,000, which he did December 21, 1889. But all offers were refused by the great Hawaiian antagonist, who avowed his fixed resolve "to fight the Trust and down it" for interfering with his California business. Finding that Mr. Spreckels would not listen to the voice of the charmer, Mr. Matthiessen and his associates, about the middle of December, 1889, resolved to sell a controlling interest in the Sugar Trust to an English syndicate, organized by the Baring Brothers, for $25,000,000—the price of certificates then ranging about 60—and employed Fox, Leonard, & Co. to accomplish the sale. The profits of the Trust in the year 1889, on the sale of more than a million tons of refined suger, were about twenty per cent. on the capitalization of $50,000,000. Ten per cent. was paid out in dividends, and the remainder added to the surplus.

In February, 1890, Mr. Matthiessen and friends held control of 300,000 out of the 500,000 shares, and for reasons satisfactory to themselves dropped the English negotiations which had been carried on by Fox, Leonard, & Co.

The Baltimore Sugar-Refining Company's property was acquired by the Sugar Trust after 1890, and Mr. John E. Searles claims the credit of having effected the final arrangements for the transfer of the Spreckels properties to the same corporation, in the spring of 1892, for the sum of $8,000,000, with Adolph B., son of Claus Spreckels, who consented to the bargain because a cooper shop connected with the Philadelphia establishment burned down. Through the same instrumentality the concern of E. C. Knight & Co. was finally secured, while through the agency of John E. Parsons the plant, with the addition of an old church, of Harrison, Frazier, & Co. was made over to the colossal corporation in consideration of the payment in some shape of between nine and ten million dollars. The Delaware Sugar-Refining Company's property was also absorbed, and one-half interest in the Western Sugar-Refining Company's plant acquired. In consequence of these accessions, on which commissions to the extent of $600,000 are said to have been paid, the capital stock of the American Sugar-Refining Company was raised to the sum of $75,000,000—of which half is composed of preferred and half of common stock—subject to the first lien of $10,000,000 in bonds.

As yet the American Sugar-Refining Company is not the only one in the United States. The Yonkers Sugar-Refining Company, a sugar-refining company in Chicago, and that of Nash, Spaulding, & Co., Boston, and possibly others, hinder it from completely monopolizing its special business in this country. And wisely too, so far as they are concerned. One member of the Boston firm stated that its plant was worth $250,000 in 1886. On October 7, 1889, the same gentleman said that his firm had netted $500,000 profit in 1888; that it paid them to be independent of the Sugar Trust; that the combination might make the prices and his firm would make the profits; and that said firm was making ten per cent. per annum on a possible capitalization of $5,000,000 of its $250,000 property. Part of his own share of the avails was invested at the time in certificates of the Sugar Trust.

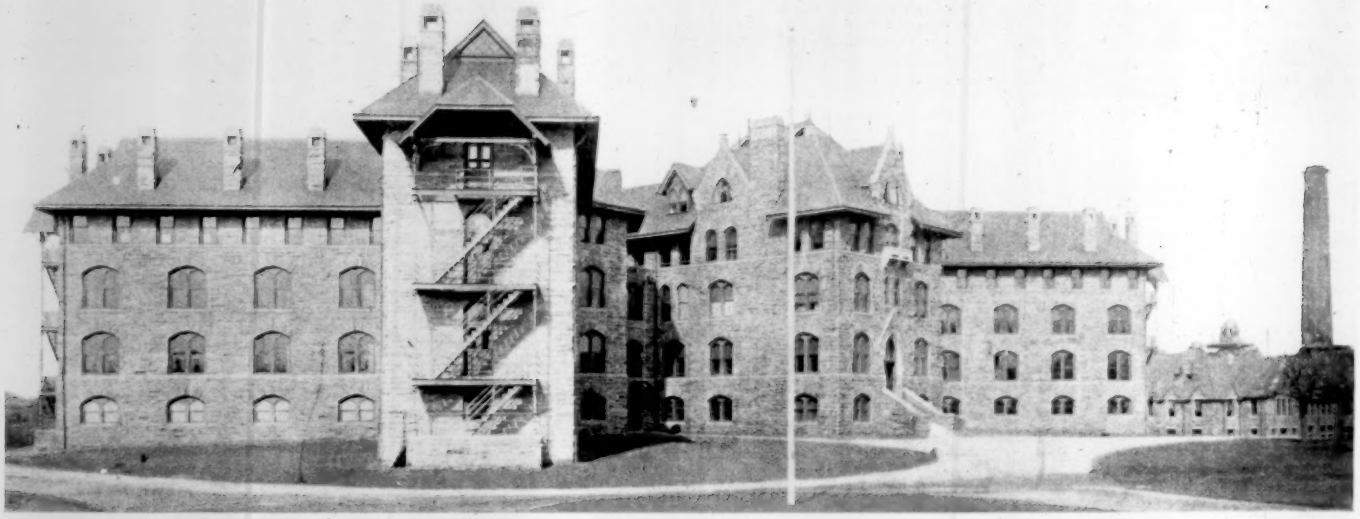
The *Grossherzöge* of the American Sugar-Refining Company are multimillionaires, but do not object to indefinite increase of the number of millions that each possesses. To promote the growth of enormous fortunes they sow liberally beside all waters—Democratic or Republican, local, State, or national—and also reap liberally. In contributions to political parties their politics—themselves being authorities—are unchangeably those of the Sugar Trust—*i.e.*, such as will foster the growth, wealth, power, and profits of the American Sugar-Refining Company. Their business, judiciously managed, has always been lucrative, and, judging from the opulence of leading exponents, exceedingly so. Under the old graduated tariff, up to 1889-90, they waxed fat and flourishing. Of the nearly $54,000,000 import duty on sugar then paid by 65,000,000 Americans, each family of five persons paid on the average a little more than *four dollars and fifteen cents*. Then came the McKinley tariff, admitting sugar free of duty, and providing a two cents per pound bounty on domestic saccharine products for the term of fifteen years. This involved a tax of $12,000,000 on consumers, which tax was distributed among the producers of 312,000 tons of sugar raised in the South in 1893, of about 12,000 tons of beet sugar, and of maple and other sugars manufactured in different States. With the advent of the Democratic party to supreme power came an attempted change of tariff policy. The Democratic House of Representatives placed sugar on the free list, and repealed the bounty to domestic producers. But the Democratic Senate did not concur, except in the repeal of the bounty on sugar. Its tariff and income tax bill imposed 40 per cent. duty, *ad valorem*, on all imported sugars, tank bottoms, syrups of cane or beet juice, melada, and molasses; also a duty upon all sugars above No. 16 Dutch standard in color, and upon all sugars which have been discolored, of ⅛ of 1 cent per pound in addition; also on all sugars, etc., imported from any country paying a bounty on the export of such sugars, a duty of $\frac{1}{10}$ of 1 cent per pound in addition to the foregoing rates. This Senate bill does not affect the provisions of the treaty of commercial reciprocity between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands, under date of January 30, 1875.

President H. O. Havemeyer, under examination by the Senate Committee appointed to investigate current charges against his corporation, testified (June 13, 1894) that the American Sugar-Refining Company contributes to whatever party or organization can give it protection, that it never contributed to influence State legislation, and that it has "only the politics of business," which, being translated, means the politics of utter selfishness. Secretary and Treasurer John E. Searles denied that it has ever endeavored to secure or defeat legislation, refused to tell what was expended by it for political purposes in 1892, did not know that $500,000 were contributed to the Democratic campaign fund—as charged by the Philadelphia *Press*—in return for pledges which the Sugar Trust "afterwards insistently demanded to be redeemed," and did not know what was given to the Democratic campaign fund in New York in the same year. The company, he said, did not expect any return. He had long since learned the truth of the colored man's beatitude, "Blessed am dose who expect nuffin', and dey doan't get nuffin'." Whether this negative blessing will ever strike the Sugar Trust is matter of some doubt, in view of Secretary Searles's confession that, "without any definite understanding as to any benefits to be received thereby," it expected to get fair treatment "of our business industry"; and he adds, "it needs fair protection from either party, aside from any contributions or anything else."

The Sugar Trust is satisfied with an *ad valorem* duty on raw sugar. It yearns and struggles for a differential duty of ⅛ of 1 cent per pound on imported refined sugar, and that without any apparent intention of conceding differential wages to the workmen, many of whom have been prostrated by the recent intense heat, employed in its several refineries. It wants the differential as compensatory to the Sugar Trust; it refuses the differential asked by steaming workmen as compensatory to them. H. O. Havemeyer says there are at least fifty articles indispensable to the manufacture of sugar from the raw material that are assessed from 25 to 75 per cent. by the proposed tariff bill, and that these duties increase the cost of manufacture by more than ⅛ of 1 cent per pound. Perhaps—the exhibit is in order. Anyhow, the Trust affirms that the differential eighth is "a matter of life and [or] death" to it. If so, it *is* of great importance. But that it is so is not clear. W. C. Ford, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, in speaking (August 2d) of the year's foreign commerce of the United States to a representative of the United Press, said: "The imports [of sugar, raw and refined] in [the fiscal year] 1894 were unusually heavy, 4,344,456,333 pounds, or sufficient to meet a full year's demand." If the differential duty of ⅛ of 1 cent per pound were imposed—which it would not be—upon the whole of this amount it would yield $5,430,570. But the Sugar Trust paid 22 per cent., or $16,500,000, in dividends on a capital of $75,000,000 in 1893—a capital about five times what it would cost to replace its plants. In other words, it paid a dividend of 110 per cent. in 1893 on the estimated cash cost of its properties. If it should not obtain the differential, and its dividends in 1895 be reduced to $11,000,000, that sum will be 14⅔ per cent. on its capital of $75,000,000, and 73⅓ per cent. on its actual investment of $15,000,000. If it should obtain the ⅛ differential the rates of dividend on capitalization and cash value would be still higher. But as the House conferrees who so passionately protested that they would never consent to the Senate's scheme, have not only consented, but are said to have conceded a raise of the differential from ⅛ to ¼ of 1 cent per pound, thereby adding five cents per hundred-weight, or over $1,200,000, to the profits of the Sugar Trust, it is manifest that the dividends of 1895 will be considerably higher than those of 1893. This will probably be satisfactory to certificate-holders, and especially to the barons who created the trust, whose salaries, if trustees, are said to have been and may now be $100,000 a year cash, while the officials are said to receive still higher compensations. If, as "a matter of life and death," these concessions ought to be made to the sugar-refiners who receive such dividends on their investments, then how much of protective duty should be claimed by and conceded to manufacturers who are not able to make any dividend on the cash, much more the fictitious, capital with which they are doing business?

The poverty-stricken Sugar Trust, as a member of the "charity list," with hand on the throat of Congress, demands this donation from the American people. Is it "a matter of life and [or] death" to its business or stockholders? Chairman Harter, of the House Sub-Committee on Trusts, in his letter of July 22, 1894, to President H. O. Havemeyer, affirms that the duty of a half-cent per pound upon all sugars above No. 16 Dutch standard has put into the pockets of the Sugar Trust and the independent refiners within the past three years over $40,000,000 of the people's money, while the government received only $470,751 within the same period.

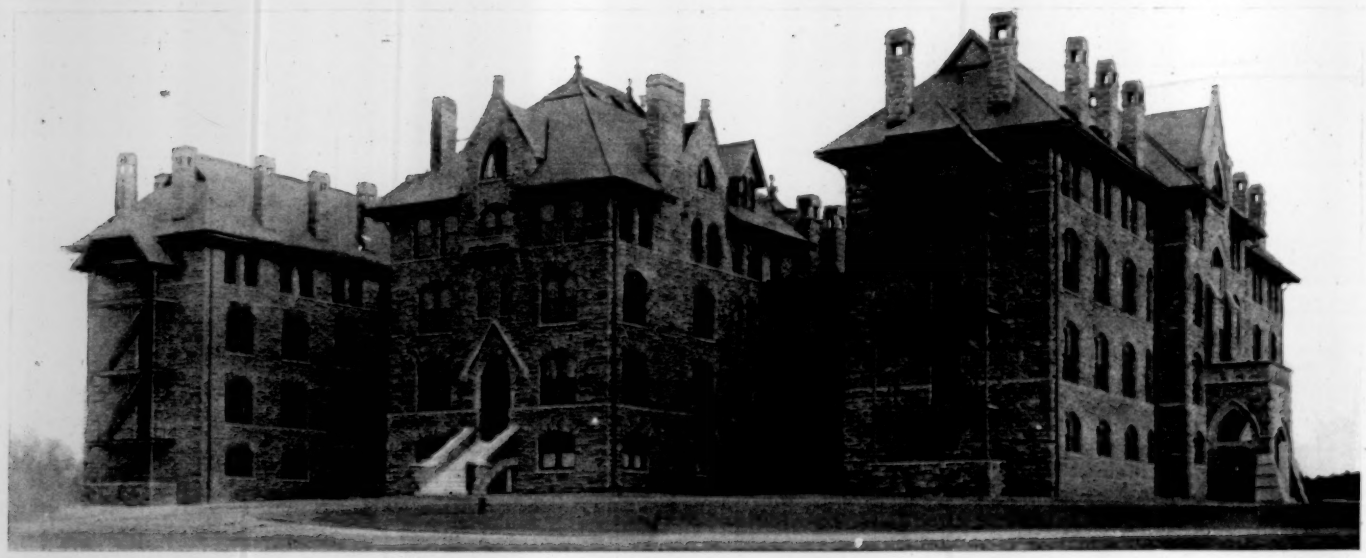
The end is not yet. The people will make their convictions felt at the polls, as well as through the press. Perhaps they will prefer to buy their sugar at something like the prices they are paying now, to put refined as well as raw sugars on the free list, to strip the Sugar Trust of the degree of protection granted by the McKinley bill when it was purposed to encourage the competitive refineries then existing, and to require their Congressional representatives to provide the necessary revenue for the National Treasury by duties on articles used mainly by the opulent class to which the monopolists belong. Taxation is not for the benefit of a class, but for that of the nation.



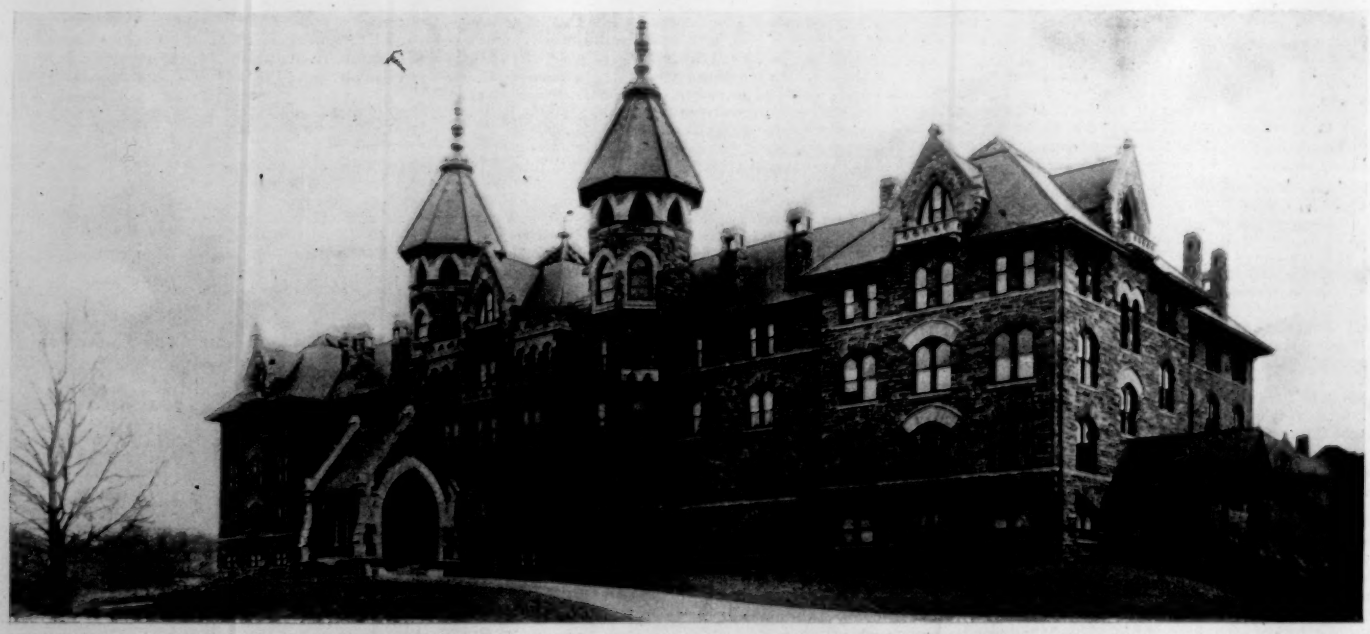
PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—FRONT VIEW.

FIRST STEPS IN SPEECH.

THE ORAL CLASS.



INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT—FRONT VIEW.



ADVANCED DEPARTMENT—FRONT VIEW.

THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AT MOUNT AIRY.—[See Page 786.]

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XVII.

MATT RECEIVES SUNDRY HOSPITALITIES.

BUT the prodigal son was not fated to see any of his relatives immediately upon his return to his native land, except his mother, and this was scarcely his mother, this pale creature with eyes vacant of all save tears, who babbled to him, with heart-rending verbal repetitions, of Revelations and the Beast, not even mistaking him for his dead father.

From Halifax Matt did not proceed forthwith to Cobequid Village, joining instead a boat crew of mackerel-fishers, in the hope of earning enough to repay Madam Strang immediately; for his soul, reinvigorated by the sea-breezes of the voyage and the skies of his childhood, had returned to its healthy repugnance to debt, and was ashamed of its lapse. The owner of the boat and nets rented permission to erect a hut and to fish from the proprietor of the beach, who at the end of the season received a couple of barrels of cured mackerel and twenty per cent. of the total catch of fresh fish; half the rest went to the owner of the boat, and half was divided among the crew. Matt was thus able to send ten dollars to England, besides keeping up his usual allowance to Cobequid Village and maintaining himself—a triple task which weighed heavily upon his brain, and gave him frequent moments of corroding nervous apprehension. For his health was only partially re-established, and his correspondence with Cobequid Village was not reassuring. His brothers and sisters were growing up without finding much to do; Billy moped a great deal, and though he thanked his brother for the engraving of the "Angelus," which Matt sent him, he intimated that he would have been better pleased had Matt spent his money on books of travel and adventure for him. And Abner wrote, with pathetic facetiousness, that he was "tolerable pleased" that his brother-in-law had not come home, as they would have been "mighty squeezed" to put him up, for what with the increase of Abner's own progeny, and the growth of the Strangs, even the best room with the cane chairs had long since been turned into a bedroom, though it could still be restored to its pristine magnificence on state occasions.

From the neighboring fishing-ground Matt gravitated back to Halifax. His thoughts, divorced from art, centred on money. He had an idea of opening a drawing-school and becoming the local "Grainger," but the initial funds were to seek. He got a few drawing-lessons, but the stupidity of his pupils was maddening, and his communion with their parents fretted him after the larger mind of London. He feared he would have to take to the road again in search of sitters, and the prospect of weary tramps in quest of patronizing storekeepers and farmers was not alluring. He was saved from the tramping by becoming assistant in a photographic caravan, which toured the country, leaving in each village a trail of attitudinizing inhabitants mounted and framed; in the course of which campaign, by a pleasanter stroke of fortune, he painted the portraits of a minister of fisheries and of the cook he married, and so gained enough money to quit the caravan and start a carriage-painting shop in the village where the happy couple had their country home. As the poorest inhabitants were carriage-folk, for horses and oats and hay were cheap, and carriage-taxes unknown, Matt Strang with a commercial instinct sharpened by miseries calculated to do well. His sign-board, executed by his own hand, ran:

CARRIAGES PAINTED,
ALSO SLEIGHS.
HOUSE DECORATING,
PORTRAITS AND
DRAWING-LESSONS.

The shop was a success. Ere the summer waned many of the villagers had their idle sleighs brilliantly illumined, and when winter came their faded carriages were handed over to Matt to be berouged or otherwise beautified. Each man had his equipage decorated after his own taste or whim, though he always began by leaving it entirely to the artist. One would order lemon-yellow under-works, with vermilion stripes and an olive-green body; for another the ideal of beauty lay in lake and russet and green, while the fancy of a third would turn lightly to Prussian blue and gold stripes; and Matt, devoid now of artistic interest and thus of artistic irritability, faithfully obeyed the behests of his employers, and filled the leafy streets with a riotous motley of perambulating color. The little village was prankt and rejuvenated. It wore a sempiternally festive air. The sign-boards were spick and span, the house fronts fresh and bright, the vehicles gayly aglitter, the glass windows of the stores black with self-laudatory lettering by day, while at night the buff store blinds repeated the brag; and over all the village was a sense of "Wet Paint." Thus did the artist throw a glamour over life and touch the sleeping souls of his fellows to livelier issues. But prices were small, and paid mainly in kind, and when once the place was transmogrified, there was nothing further to be done, the latter item of his sign-board evoking no response. So Matt shifted his ensign to Starsborough, a ship-building village on the coast, where he found new scope for his versatile craftsmanship, as witness two new items added to his painted prospectus:

FIGURE-HEADS CARVED.
SHIP DECORATING.

He got leave to set up in the ship-yard, speculated in a set of carving tools, and supplied the prows of the ships with those picturesque wooden persons whose uselessness is of the essence of art. He occupied a corner in the calkers' shop, reeking with tarry odors, and worked hemmed in by the oakum-pickers, who relieved the tedium of toil by smoking and singing lewd songs. One of his works, a Turkish lady eight feet high, to get which done in time cost him much sweat and sacrifice of other work, pleased the ship-builder so vastly that he gave Matt the contract—in preference to all the other candidates who sent in estimates—for painting his next ship within and without. The delighted young man saw his way to speedy competence, the long-torpid thought of art began to stir drowsily, only it was Paris that now gleamed fitfully in the background of his day-dreams. He talked over the decorations with the ship-builder, and agreed to pay the men from week to week, and to supply the tools, paints, and gold-leaf till the job was completed, when his employer undertook to pay him the sum agreed upon in actual coin. As Matt was able to get the materials from a store on three months' credit, and to pay his men with orders on the same all-embracing store on the same terms, and the job would be finished in less than three months, the arrangement promised to be very profitable. Alas! it proved the crash and break-down of all his new prosperity. In the middle of the work the ship-builder failed heavily, and Matt found himself on the point of bankruptcy too, for though he sent in his claim against the estate, there seemed scant chance of his obtaining anything. Even the Turkish woman had not been paid for, Matt having consented to receive her price with the rest of the money, for the sake of getting silver in lieu of goods. His account with the storekeeper had run up to $250. He could not see how to meet his bills, the weeks without other work had exhausted his savings, there was even about a fourth of his debt still to be sent to Madam Strang. He got other little jobs, but the great shipwright's failure had reduced Starsborough to stagnation. The time of payment drew nigh. After sleepless nights of anguish he went to the storekeeper and told him he could not pay. The man received him sympathetically, said he had been expecting the confession, and consented to give him a little time; so Matt broke up his establishment, and journeyed by train and packet to another village nearer Halifax, and set up his sign-board afresh. A job took him to the capital, and in the streets he ran across his Starsborough creditor, who was come up to order hardware, and who seemed delighted to see him, and invited him to breakfast with him at his hotel next morning. Always glad to save a meal, and rejoiced to find his creditor so genial and debonair, Matt tramped into town the first thing in the morning and repaired to the hotel. But there was no breakfast for him. A sheriff's officer awaited him instead, and arrested him for debt. He had been the victim of a subterfuge, his creditor fearing from his migratory movements that he was about to run off to the States.

And so Matt was clapped into the prison to await his trial, and became one of the broken-down band that inhabited its spacious ward, promenaded the long whitewashed corridor on which the lavatory gave, and slept on the iron beds ranged against the wall. Every morning the bedclothes were stripped off and piled in the empty cells to give the ward a more habitable air. In this dreary bed and sitting room Matt spent days of mental agony, though physically he fared better than under his own parsimonious régime. But the sense of degradation outweighed all else. He felt he could never look his fellow-men in the face again. His character was gone, his ambitions had received their death-blow, nay, his very business career in his native land was at an end. The stigma would always soil his future. All the long travail and aspiration had ended at what a goal! Death smiled invitingly. He could not understand the careless merriment of his fellow-prisoners, who fleeted the time with

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1960.

cards, which they played for love. There was a negro among them who was the whetstone of their wit, and a Frenchman who varied his tearful narrative of the misfortune that had brought him low with ventriloquial performances and anecdotes of self-made Yankee millionaires. In this gesticulating little man Matt recognized with surprise and shamefacedness his ancient fractious subordinate in the Halifax furniture shop, who had taken him to his bosom after due alcohol, but he was glad to find his unconscious fellow made no advances. Strang's aloofness from his companions, even when an outside friend had sent in liquor or dainties to one of them, attracted the notice of the jailer, a kindly man in a cut away coat, with only an official cap to mark his calling. He talked to the sullen, brooding prisoner, conceived a liking for him, and commissioned him to paint his portrait for ten dollars, supplying the materials himself, and providing a temporary easel. The darkness that had threatened Matt's reason if not his life, fled before this kindness; the days before the trial flew by almost joyously, and the nights were rendered more tolerable by being passed alone on a plank bed in one of the criminal cells, whose stout doors, studded with iron nails, and furnished with little gratings, rarely held anybody, so that the painter easily persuaded his patron to allow him to occupy one.

He had scarcely set up his easel when his companions clustered round, and the Frenchman burst into tears of emotion, and professed that he too—he who spoke to you—was an artist. If only some one could see the creditor who had thrown him into prison, and explain to him that his victim was guiltless of all save genius! As Matt had heard all this before, he pursued his work unmoved, affording a new distraction to his mates, so that the negro's life became endurable, and less love was lost at cards. But ere the second sitting was over, the Frenchman, who had studied alternately the artist's face and his canvas, uttered an exclamation of joyous recollection, and fell upon his neck, crying that he had at last found again the comrade of his soul. When Matt had shaken him off, he drew a romantic picture of their early affection and collaboration for the edification of the salon, and henceforth took a proud fraternal interest in the progress of the portrait.

As Matt put all his heart and soul into the work, the jailer was well content, and promised two and a half dollars over and above the price, but as Matt had expressed his intention of sending the money to his creditors, his new friend held over the surplus till he should need it for himself. When at the end of the third week the trial came on, and Matt "swore out," solemnly asserting absolute impecuniosity, his creditor, mollified by the ten dollars, and further assuaged by the sale of Matt's effects, from his tools to his sign-board, did not press the counter-proof of competency, and so the prisoner was set at liberty. Sundry other bankrupts "swore out" at the same time, one or two who had boasted privily of their means perjuring themselves back to freedom and prosperity.

Before Matt Strang bade farewell to the jail, the Frenchman broke off a ventriloquial performance to beseech him, with tears, in the name of the camaraderie of art, and for the sake of their ancient affection, now that he was going forth into the free sunshine, to expostulate with that cruel creditor, and plead for unhappy genius. The persecutor—Coble by name—would not listen to his own appeals, but if a brother artist would speak for him, Coble's better nature—and every man had a better nature—might be touched, and the skylark might soar freely again towards the blue empyrean. He was quite honest—oh, Heaven—yes! He did not really possess two hundred dollars, as Coble imagined, but he could not account for them before the Court—one would see why—though privately he could account for them in a way that would satisfy every honest man. Some emissary of Satan had put a bill into his hand which said, "For a hundred dollars we will give you a thousand dollars of our goods." He had hankered, as any man might, after those thousand dollars, and sought out the coiners (for all the world knew that was their formula), and paid his hundred dollars. But the bag of coin they had given him was snatched from him on his road back by one of their agents. Determined not to be outwitted, he had gone again and invested another hundred dollars, and posted the parcel to himself at a neighboring post-office, but when it arrived he had found only a brick-bat inside. He had been afraid to "swear out" lest Coble should maintain he had the money, and thus get him indicted for perjury.

If the friend of his youth would lay these facts before the cruel Coble he would no longer languish in a dungeon. Would not the great artist promise him?

The story seemed too strange to be false, and Matt promised, at the risk of a kiss, to recount it to the cruel Coble, though he failed to see how it proved the Frenchman's honesty. He was indeed not sorry to have something definite to do, for with the completion of the jailer's portrait had come a reaction, and he had lapsed, if not into his first agony, into a listless apathy that was worse—the nerveless, purposeless inertia of a crushed spirit. He had been in jail! Not even a miracle could erase that blot upon his name. How could he take up the burden of life afresh? Unless, perhaps, temporarily, with the sole object of wiping off the debt which he owed morally, though no longer legally. Anyway, he would see this Mr. Coble; the Frenchman seemed—curiously enough—to attach value to life, and if a little bit of his own life could be of any use to the poor weak creature, it was at his disposal. Mr. Coble, too, must be a strange person to derive any satisfaction from keeping the pygmy in prison in revenge for the loss of a few hundred dollars.

Money! Money! Money! How it had cramped and crippled and defiled his life!

He washed himself in the lavatory before leaving, and brushed his clothes, which were in a very fair condition. He was startled to find how many gray hairs streaked the curly locks he combed. "It won't be a monochrome much longer," he thought, surveying his mane with bitter merriment.

Outside it was May, but he was not brightened by the great blue sky that roofed him once more. The bustle of life sounded pleasantly about him, but he slunk through the busy quarters of the town with hanging head, as if every passer-by could read his shame in his face. The horrible thought struck him suddenly that Coble would know whence he came, but on top of it came the happy idea of explaining he had only gone to the jail to paint the portrait of an official.

The journey was not very long, though the road was muddy and steep. Mr. Coble lived beyond Citadel Hill, amid whose grassy expanse a path wound towards the more scattered portions of the town. The ice was quite off the sunny fields, except in the shaded parts under the fences, and men were ploughing with yokes of oxen, though here and there heaped up piles of snow still bordered the route, which they flooded with slush in their gradual deliquescence. Mr. Coble's suburban residence was a detached double-fronted wooden cottage, barred from the road by a neat white-painted picket-fence. There were attics in the roof, which, like its neighbors, was pitched, with broad eaves, for the sliding down of the snow. The front garden had been newly dug up and laid out to receive seed; there was a dirty line round the house, showing where the winter embanking had recently been removed.

Matt pushed open the white picket garden gate and walked up the gravel path towards the pillared porch; three wooden steps led to the little platform, and then the door was raised one step higher to prevent snow drifting in from without.

Matt knocked. He heard the inner door open, the patter of light footsteps, then the outer door swung back, and a girl—passably pretty—appeared in the little entry between the doors, which were thus duplicated against the frost.

Matt lifted his hat and inquired for Mr. Coble. He had reverted to the drawling accents of the colony, though not altogether to its locutions.

"Oh, pa's down at the store," answered the girl, staring at the visitor.

"When will he be in?" Matt asked, disappointed.

"Oh, not for hours," said Miss Coble. "Is it anything I can tell him?"

"No, no; I don't think so," Matt replied, hesitatingly. "I had better call again this evening."

The girl lingered silently without closing the door. There was a perceptible pause.

"Yes," she answered at last. "I guess you had."

He raised his hat again and went back down the muddy road. It struck him that he ought to have inquired the address of the store in town, and so saved a second journey. He turned his head, and saw the girl still at the door looking after him. Then it seemed funny to go back.

He wheeled round hastily and pursued his way to town, wondering what he would do next and how he could cope with life. The thought of the Frenchman brought up the memory of that furniture warehouse in which they had worked together in the days of his boyish dreams. He bent his steps towards it with a vague thought of seeking work there again, but found it had been converted into an emporium for sewing-machines. As he sauntered aimlessly down the street, his eye was caught by a lurid picture in a store window. It represented a shark snapping savagely at a diver upon the bed of the ocean. He smiled at the crude composition, which reminded him of his own early works; then, as he perceived its relation to the stock in trade, his smile became broader. Sponge was the staple, and a gigantic, delicate sponge, with ornamental spout-holes and fragments of rock adhering realistically to it, was a conspicuous object amid dandy-brushes and spoke-brushes and chamois leather and glass cases covering rock-work. There were little sponges on a card, and Matt started violently as he read: "Coble's five-cent sponges." The mountain had come to Mahomet!

He walked in, crunching over a débris of shells, grit, and sand, and inhaling a pungent saline odor. A veritable mountain of a man towered over him with beetling brows and snowy hair and beard. His paunch protruded imposingly and his eyes glittered.

"Mr. Coble?" said Matt, inquiringly.

"That's me," cried the mountain of flesh, in fierce accents, as if defying contradiction.

Matt felt the business would not be easy.

"I've taken the liberty of coming to you—on behalf of—"

"Not that tarnation Frenchman?" shrieked Mr. Coble.

Matt reddened uncomfortably.

"That's the fifth man he's sent me. When did you come out of prison?"

"I've been painting the jailer's portrait," Matt stammered, with burning cheeks. "And I used to know the poor little man years ago, and he says—"

"I can't listen now. Does he think I've no business to attend to?"

"He didn't send me here; he sent me to your house."

"Ho, that's a new dodge! But I reckon he told you the old things, eh? That I'm a stony-hearted cuss; that I'd sneak the coppers off a corpse's eyes, or squeeze a cent till the eagle squeaked?"

"No, really, he didn't tell me that," said Matt.

"Oh, you needn't spare the old man's feelings. I know what a man says when he finds you won't be swindled. He's the everlastingest old dodger that ever drummed for me. His tricks 'ould puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. The only honest bit of work he ever did in his life was that there pictur of a shark. That's stunnin', I admit, and I'd willingly let the poor devil out of the cage if my daughter wasn't so bitter agen him. There, that's the truth. I never told it to any of the other fellows, they all looked such moulty jailbirds. Say, now, you said you were a painter, ain't that a good pictur?"

Although Mr. Coble's words were now more amiable, his accent was still fierce, and it required some courage on Matt's part to reply that the picture was pretty good in a manner that betokened that it was pretty bad.

"Ho, two of a trade!" quoth the mountain of a man.

"The shark couldn't be like that," Matt explained, mildly. "He has to turn on his back before biting. It isn't true to life."

"Waal," said Mr. Coble, in irate tones, "as the shark's got nothing at all to do with the sponge business, and the divers ain't in no sort o' danger whatever from it, I don't see where truth to life comes in, anyhow."

"Oh, but the less lies you tell in art the better," urged Matt. "I'll do you another if you like."

"Ho, that's your dodge, is it?"

"I'm not asking anything for it," the young man retorted, indignantly. "It 'll be a return for your listening to my appeal."

Mr. Coble was startled. "Thunderation!" he cried, sharply. "You're a Christian. Step outside, and we'll water up."

The invitation was uttered so fiercely that it sounded like a command, especially as the Titan stamped three times with his foot—only his way of signalling to his subordinate, Matt found. In the nearest bar, which happened to be an illicit one, approached through a porch at the back of a temperance hotel for the convenience of avowed teetotallers, the man-mountain imparted to Matt the information that it was the Frenchman's amorous advances that had embittered his daughter. "For my part," he said, "so far from wantin' to keep him in there in clover, I'd like to lift him out on the point of my toe, and I'd make him vamoose from the town that smart you couldn't see his heels for the dust. I'll mention to Rosina that you've been putting in a good word for the skunk, but I don't think she'll listen, that's a fact."

"Oh, but I'm sure she will," said Matt. "She looks a kind hearted young lady."

"You haven't seen her" exclaimed Mr. Coble, fiercely.

"Yes; I saw her this afternoon," said Matt.

"Then you've seen the purtiest gal you'll see this year. Set 'em up again. This old rye's whopping good. Always rely on a temperance hotel for good whiskey. And as my gal has a goodish bit of money," pursued the old man, smacking his lips, and growing communicative without losing any of the sternness of his accent, "you can understand what made the wretched little froggy roll his eyes and twist his mustache at her. How he found it out will be a mystery to my dyin' day, for I'm careful never to breathe a whisper of it to a single soul, but he ferreted out somehow or t'other that when she's twenty one my Rosie will step into an income of eight hundred dollars."

He shouted the statement so loudly that the whole bar pricked up its ears. Matt quite believed that Coble was incapable of whispering anything to anybody. He had a vague envy of the fortunate girl.

"Not to mention three thousand dollars I've put aside myself to hand her on her wedding day," continued Coble. "Young folks are lucky nowadays. When I married I had to lend my father-in-law ten dollars to rig himself up respectable for church."

Before they parted, the mountain of flesh had consented thunderously to Matt's supplying another picture of the dangers of sponge fishing, but would not bind himself, although in his third glass, to do more in return than lay the matter before his daughter. Once alone in the streets again, Matt felt he had made a bad bargain. The two and a half dollars the jailer had given him were all his funds; and even the few nickels that would have to be expended on common water-colors and the double-royal card-board were a consideration. But he loyally executed the work in the bedroom he had ventured to take, finding rather a relief in this further postponement of the problem of the future. By the following afternoon he was back at Coble's with a brilliant sketch, far more arrestive than the Frenchman's. The shark was more formidable, the nude diver more graceful, his netted bag more accurate, and the ocean-bed was a veritable fairyland of sea-lichens and polyps. Coble glared long at t sketch as Matt held it up. But he said nothing.

"What do you think of it?" asked Matt, apprehensively, at last.

"What do I think of it?" roared old Coble, and rushing to the window he grabbed the old inaccurate shark, tore it savagely in two, snatched the new picture from the hands of the astonished Matt, filled up the vacancy with it, dashed outside to survey it from the sidewalk, and reappearing at the door, bellowed, "Step this way, young man," and stamped three times on the threshold.

Over the old rye he reported to the artist that he had found his Rosie more placable than usual; that she was even willing to listen to the young man's plea, though she seemed to want to hear it from his own mouth before deciding. Matt gladly consented to sup that evening with the mountain and his daughter. Free drinks never surprised him, but a free square meal was like having larks flying into one's mouth ready roasted.

It was the happiest evening he had spent for many a long day. There was a spotless cloth on the round table, and the food was good, if solid. Miss Coble made herself agreeable, and if she was not so pretty as her father saw her, her plump cheek was sufficiently rosy and her figure sufficiently comely and her frock sufficiently nice to be grateful to the eye of an artist and a young man, just emerged from prison society, and starving for the amenities of life. Her light blue eyes lit up pleasantly when he addressed her, or when she helped him to more buckwheat cakes. Some stuffed birds over a low bookcase that contained a few brightly bound volumes reminded him pleasurably of past miseries. The stentorian voice of old Coble almost monopolized the conversation. He had much to say that was not worth listening to, on the bad crops of the year before last, the scarcity of helps, and the failure of the colony to go ahead, which was apparently connected with the uncleanliness of the inhabitants, as manifest from the small sales of bath sponges. After dinner the mountain smoked, and after smoking the volcano slept.

"I'm afraid you think pa's got a bad temper," said Miss Coble, abruptly. She had hastily cleared away the supper dishes, and had seated herself, half recumbent amid a litter of sewing, upon a couch opposite the easy-chair which Matt now occupied. The young man instinctively glanced towards her trumpeting parent.

"Oh, he's sound enough, can't you hear?" she said, laughing gayly. "I only hope he doesn't disturb you. I'm used to it."

"I only hope I sha'n't disturb him," answered Matt.

"I guess he's making more noise than us," laughed Miss Coble. "He can't even be quiet when he's asleep. I was going to explain to you that he can't help it; there's something wrong with his throat. It happened when his voice broke in his boyhood, and it always sounds as if he was angry; it always frightens off strangers; but he is really the best-tempered papa in the township."

Matt smiled. "I did think he was rather a fire-eater at first," he admitted. "But I've found him real jolly, and couldn't quite make it out all this time." He continued to smile at the drollness of Coble's disability, and the girl's eyes met his in an answering gleam of merriment.

"Pa says you're a powerful painter, Mr. Strang," she said, after a silence, filled up by ruttling sounds from pa's larynx.

"Oh, your pa's only seen a rough thing I did for him," he protested, diffidently.

"Never mind." She shook her head sagely. "I'm going down town to see it to-morrow." And she flashed a sunny smile at him that showed her teeth were white.

Matt murmured, uneasily, "Oh, it's not worth the trouble."

"It 'll do me good, anyway. I'm getting fat, pa says. Wouldn't it be awful if I was to take after him? You know he lives away from town so as to have exercise up and down Citadel Hill, but he might as well have lived over the store." And she giggled, not unmusically.

"You can't tell what he would have been," Matt reminded her, with a smile.

"Gracious! you frighten me. He might have come through the walls! Do you think there is really any danger of my growing like him? Do tell!"

"There's no danger of your losing your good looks," replied Matt, gallantly. Then he blushed awkwardly. It was the first time in his life he had told a girl she was pretty; even in his boyish days little Ruth Hailey's charms had been taken for granted.

"You mean I never had any," she said, with a roguish gleam that made the plump face piquant.

"Oh, you know what I mean," he protested, lamely.

Miss Coble meditatively picked up a piece of tape from the litter of sewing and put it round her waist. Then she measured her bust.

"Is that the proper proportion?" she said, holding it up. "Artists are supposed to know, aren't they?"

"The figure couldn't be better," said Matt.

The girl shook her head in laughing reproof.

"I guess I had better measure you and prove it, then," said Matt, rising.

"My, how that lamp flares!" cried Miss Coble, rushing towards the table and carefully fumbling with the regulator. Matt resumed his seat, feeling rather foolish, but soon, when the girl turned the talk on himself, the reserved, solitary young man found himself telling her of adventures by sea and land, which he had not told anybody, perhaps because nobody had ever asked him. He gave Halifax prison a wide berth, warding off her casual questions about his position and prospects by general statements about his artistic aspirations. Concerning aspects of London life Miss Coble's curiosity was at its keenest, her own experience of existence having been limited, she said, to Halifax and its environs, with faint childish reminiscences of Greencastle, Pennsylvania, where her mother had died thirteen years before, when she was six years old.

"Oh, but I didn't mean to tell you my age," she said, pouting. "In ten years' time you will know I am nearly thirty."

Matt was about to reassure her by declaring that in ten years' time he would have forgotten all about her, when the fall of the sleeper's pipe checked the unchivalrous statement.

He rose to go as soon as the mountain awoke, for he had a goodish tramp before him.

Miss Coble accompanied him to the outer door. His eye was caught by the beauty of the moon, gleaming irregularly from a lurid rack of clouds. He stood in charmed silence gazing upwards.

"What are you staring at? Aren't you going to say good-night?" asked Miss Coble, rather tartly.

His spirit returned to earth. "Oh, good-night," he said, holding out his hand.

She put her fingers—rougher, but warmer—into his, for the first time. "Good night," she said, softly.

He did not let her hand go immediately. At the last instant he was invaded by an indefinite conviction that something—he knew not what—had still to be done or said. He stood silent on the little platform.

As if echoing his thought, "Haven't you forgot something?" she asked.

His heart leaped violently with a thrilling suggestion. He looked into her quizzing eyes. They were on a level with his own, her shorter figure having the advantage of the raised threshold.

"I thought you came to speak to me about a Frenchman?" she went on.

He was relieved and disappointed.

"Of course; what a fool I am! I haven't said a word about him!"

"Well, it's too late now. I can't stand talking here; the neighbors might see us."

"I'm so sorry," said Matt, in a woe-begone tone.

"Well, you'll have to come again to-morrow evening, then, if you want to go on with it, that's certain. Good-night again!"

"Till to-morrow, then," said Matt, raising his hat.

He walked briskly down the gravel path, glowing with the pleasure of the evening, and looking forward to another pleasant free meal on the morrow. Then his eye sought the moon again, but the cloud-rack had covered it up entirely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

In another year the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will have passed the quarter-century mark. It has just been holding its twenty-fourth annual convention in the city of St. Paul. The total abstinence movement among the Catholic population of the country, as represented in this union, began in the city of Washington in 1870. The growth in interest has been steady, and the net results as to membership have been excellent, while the benefits to the members and their families have been beyond estimate.

The city in which the convention was held this year is one of the Catholic strongholds of the United States, so that, as a matter of course, a most cordial reception was accorded the delegates. While the general financial depression might be expected to have had its influence on the attendance, but slight inroads upon the number expected were made as a result of the hard times, and there were nearly two thousand delegates present.

While the influence of the Church is always present to stimulate endeavor, it required something more than this to make this movement the power it has become. In the twenty-four years of its life it has gained a membership of nearly sixty thousand. While many of these—the majority, in fact—are men, yet the women and children have not been overlooked. The membership is as follows: Men, 28,765; women, 5329; boys, 11,892; girls, 2902. Philadelphia has the largest number of societies, 162, with a total membership of over 16,000.

One thing which has been of special noteworthiness in these sessions of the national society has been the marked enthusiasm aroused by reference to the recent letter of Monsignor Satolli on the saloon question as it relates to the members of the Catholic Church, or, to be more precise, the saloon-keeper question as the Catholic Church is related to it. The secretary of the body, the Rev. A. P. Doyle, of New York city, struck the key-note of the convention when, in his annual address, he said:

"The strong and determined position taken by Monsignor Satolli against the liquor traffic as carried on in the United States will give new zest to our efforts. The no uncertain tone of his magnificent letter has sent it ringing through the press of the country, and it will do more than twenty appeals to set the Catholic Church aright with the American public on the momentous question of the saloon. It has been a veritable Declaration of Independence."

On the first day of the convention the members attended the cathedral in a body, where pontifical high mass was celebrated and a sermon delivered by Archbishop Ireland, who has been known the country over as one of the foremost advocates of temperance in the land. The Archbishop took occasion to refer to the attitude of the papal delegate. He maintained that if no honor was given the Catholic saloon-keepers in any respect, they must soon pass into the minority. America, so the Archbishop believed, had set her face against the saloon, "the den of corrupt politics," and any Church which would not come out for temperance was an odious excrescence on the soil. He was hearty in his approval of the stand taken by Monsignor Satolli.

There were the customary pleasurings interlarded in the sessions, and on one evening there was a public platform meeting in which Protestants as well as Catholics were invited to participate. At this meeting a message was read from the Pope granting his blessing to the convention, and another from Monsignor Satolli, in which he said,

"The Total Abstinence Society is the guardian of the homes of America."

An incident of interest was the presentation to the convention, by a delegation of ladies, of a greeting from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of America. It was appropriately received. Joined with it was an invitation to the convention to send fraternal delegates to the next national meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The series of resolutions adopted emphasized all that had been said at the sessions of the convention on the saloon question. On the immediate question as outlined by Satolli the resolution read:

"It is believed that this action will crystallize the influence of the Church against the saloon, and will stamp his letter indelibly on the irreconcilable enemy of the Church. The decision of the papal delegate cannot fail to give additional authority to the recommendation of the Council of Baltimore, that all Catholic saloon-keepers abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic, and embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

It was also voted to give no support to Catholic papers which allow liquor-dealers to advertise in their columns.

It was decided to hold the next national convention in the city of New York.

W. S. HARWOOD.

THE LATE JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D.

THE death of James Strong, S.T.D., LL.D., at Round Lake, New York, August 7th, has removed from the Methodist Episcopal Church one of its most learned, thoughtful, and genial members, and that at a time when he was putting the plans of many years, and the researches of himself and trained assistants into concrete form. He was a layman, not an ordained minister, and yet had as much, or possibly more, to do with the theological education of Methodist ministers than any of his contemporaries.

Born in the city of New York, August 14, 1822; graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, 1844; teacher of Ancient Languages in Troy Conference Academy, West Poultney, Vermont, 1844-6; projector, builder, and President of the Flushing Railroad, Long Island, 1847; Professor of Biblical Literature and Acting President of Troy University, New York, 1858-61; Professor of Exegetical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey, 1868-93, and since then *Emeritus* Professor, he was singularly well qualified for the duties of his last active office.

In 1874 travels and studies in Egypt and Palestine, complemented by efficient chairmanship of the Archæological Council of the Oriental Topographical Society, imparted added fitness for the revision of the Old Testament, as a member of the Anglo-American Commission appointed in 1881 to prepare a revised version of the Bible. To none, perhaps, was their work entirely satisfactory. Septuagintan unanimity was beyond their reach. But to men of Dr. Strong's clear insight, robust good sense, rational independence, and power of accepting new light whencesoever it might spring, this was not to be regretted.

Dr. Strong's literary honors were conferred by his *alma mater*. His *Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels, Harmony in Greek, Scripture History, Irenics*—showing the virtual agreement between Science and the Bible, edition of translation of *Lange's Commentary on Daniel and Esther, Doctrine of a Future Life, Sketches of Jewish Life in the First Century, Sacred Idyls*—an exposition of Solomon's Song, *The Tabernacle of Israel*, with plates, and his editorship—with the Rev. Dr. John McClintock as colleague in preparation of the first three volumes—of the monumental and invaluable *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*, in ten volumes, with supplement of two volumes, attest his marvellous industry.

Rest, to one of Dr. Strong's vivid, versatile temperament, was change in the direction of energy. While laboriously writing or editing some new volume, rest to him meant the delivery of a course of lectures to theological students, or a series of instructions at some summer school of theology. Thus, at Round Lake, where he had been for several summers in succession, he had just begun a series of lectures on the *Revelation*, upon which he believed that he had received new light. Illness interfered with their delivery. Heart-failure ensued, and he "ceased at once to work and live." Wife and son were with him at the time. His earthly resting-place is at Flushing, Long Island.

BEHIND THE "WILD WEST" SCENES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

BUFFALO BILL'S camp in Brooklyn contains thirty acres fenced in, and when Mr. Saulsbury was asked to send for an interpreter to take Mr. Remington and me to visit the Indians, the showman picked up an enormous card-board funnel and spoke in the smaller end of it. "Changro! oh, Changro!" he called, in small type, as it were. At the same instant there roared out of the broad end the same words magnified into "CHANGRO! OH, CHANGRO!" At the show-grounds they call that funnel a megaphone with a one-mile range. As one sees the instrument, and then observes within the grounds the gauchos and Arabs and Germans and cowboys and Cossacks and Frenchmen and Indians, the thought is suggested that with a megaphone of a range of 3000 or 4000 miles Colonel Cody may have called out, "Prussia, oh, Prussia!" and, "Pine Ridge! oh, Pine Ridge!" and so on round the world, until he had collected as many sorts of rough riders as he has corralled within that pleasure-ground in Brooklyn.

Changro took us to the tepees of the Indians, already coloring richly at their tops like meerschaum pipes, as tepees do, and we saw the Indians at rest hours before the afternoon performance. They may not be Arapahoes and Crows and Shoshones and Blackfeet, and all the rest that the orator in the amphitheatre says they are. I suspect that such a mixture would result in continuous bloodshed that would marvellously increase the death rate in Brooklyn. But if they are mainly Sioux, they have the conspicuous merit that belongs to all parts of this show—that of being genuine. They are genuine Indians, and some are so very genuine that the Indian agents were glad to get rid of them as being the malcontents of their bands. It is a queer reflection upon our management of the red men that for one simple reason "bad Injuns" should be willing to leave their homes—the last thing the natural Indian wants to do—and showmen should be glad to take them. That simple reason is that with three good meals a day a bad Indian becomes a good one.

We saw the Indians take one of their square meals. It was served in a building open at one side, like a carriage-shed, and set with long tables between benches. The bucks stalked in with lengthy, noiseless strides—the head men wearing a feather, or more elaborate hair-dresses, and the plain warriors showing only the wrinkled faces and black tresses that render them so like women that one must sometimes look at the foot-coverings to determine an Indian's sex. The fat squaws rolled along, and the pappooses came as children of any sort would, rolling their plump faces around, and even walking backward so as to see something in the background without losing a minute of dinner-time. I saw two of these pappooses—little boys—after dinner, squatted on their heels and smoking cigarettes, with their faces painted and streaked with the artistic taste of a Chinese devil. A boy in a Spanish suit of yellow silk and black velvet was talking to them, and they were grunting back to him just as a pig does when he is eye-deep in mud and you scratch his back to make him still more happy.

At dinner the Indians edged along on the benches and turned up their granite-ware cups to have them filled with coffee by a white youth who looked quite as tough as they did—precisely the sort of youth whom I heard say to an Englishman in a hotel in Calgary, Canada: "Yer don't like the coffee, eh? Well, it's what yer git, just the same." With that mixture of pride and dignity which is a rich portion of the plains Indian, the bucks at the end of the table crooked their elbows under their blankets and pushed them over the table, so that I should not watch them as they ate. Then they looked like potato-sacks feeding themselves with spoons that went in and out of the pucker-holes at the top, and as that was not interesting, I withdrew. I saw them all, later on, assembled for a dance, and never, even in Indian camps out West, have I seen a more gaudy, brilliant, and bewildering spectacle than they then presented. For clothing they wore only breech-clouts and moccasins, but for ornaments they had full suits of yellow and blue and green paint, and many pounds of feathers, fur tails, elk teeth, pocket-mirrors, buckskin fringe, bone breastplates, beribboned lances, fringed and feathered *coup* sticks, bits of bead-work, bear claws, and all the rest that makes a soulless idiot liken the Indians to rag-bags, but which appeals to a sense of the romantic and the picturesque as no other costume in the world begins to do. We hired one of the shapeliest of the bucks to pose for Mr. Remington. We started to walk with him to the stables, but without effort he strode ahead, leaving us as if we were tied to the ground.

"He's walking like an Indian," said I.

"He walk lazy," said Changro.

The buck went to where the 450 ponies and horses are kept, and taking a halter with him, put it over the nose of a pony and led the beast into the open, where he mounted him. Leading the pony was like leading a fraction of an exploding boiler, and mounting him was like straddling a loose barrel on a ship's deck in a storm. The buck had on all his toggery, and after that was sketched he was bidden to undress and be pictured in his skin. This buck was as modest as all the plains Indians with whom I have dealt. He looked around for a place to undress in, apart from us, and found no other than a theatrical cabin made on the plan of a bird-cage. In a corner of this, in plain sight, he squatted to remove his upper coverings. Then he stood up to take off his "chaps," or trousers. When he came out *he* still kept his blanket around him. Told to take that off, he mounted his pony and coiled the blanket around his waist. At a second bidding he threw that off, and then he was seen to be all sufficiently clothed—from the Indian stand-point—for he wore his breech-clout, and he was painted like a tropical bird. On the plains, or in the Brooklyn amphitheatre, along with his fellows, a public appearance in the light and airy attire of a "living picture" would seem perfectly proper. But to undress before two fully clothed white men in a retired corner hurt either the buck's pride or his modesty—call it which we will.

The inside of a tepee would interest the average visitor to the show, but visitors can with no more reason expect to see the quarters of the braves than they may ask to be shown the dressing-rooms of actors and actresses in a theatre. To see Colonel Cody's tent and then to visit a tepee twenty-five feet away is to be able to compare the quarters of a modern general with the refuge of a Celtic outlaw in the seventeenth century. By just so much have we advanced; by just so much has the Indian stood still. In Buffalo Bill's tent—the size of a small farm-house—we see the space divided into rooms. We see a telephone, curtains, bric-à-brac, carpets, pictures, desks, lounges, easy-chairs, an ornate buffet, a refrigerator, and all the furnishings of a cozy home. In the best tepee we see a circular board floor (it should be of dirt) within a ring of canvas. On a sheet of metal are the smouldering embers of the fire that makes a tepee at once a home and a chimney. Forever seated with their backs to the canvas and their feet to the fire are the Indians, the leader exactly opposite the door flap and the women close beside it, enjoying Indian "woman's rights," which are the rights to do everything that a man refuses to do. Rolled up and stuffed around the edges of the tent, in bundles, are the belongings of the family. Like Cæsar's ashes, they "serve to keep the wind away." A young brave is painting his bare legs bright yellow with factory-made water-color. A little boy is admiring his painted face in a broken bit of mirror. The adults are sitting, stolidly as if they were stunned, around the circle, and a tender baby propped up against the tent-side is looking even more grave than its parents, reflecting, perhaps, that it wants to cry, but that Indian babies commit the unpardonable sin when they do that, and that they get cuffed and grunted at, which is worse. If any of the Indian men understand any English it is very little, and it has got in their heads precisely as water gets on a cat's feet—against their will. The squaws understand more—for a reason that is not creditable to them. Sometimes a squaw will be seen to grin behind her hand when a white man says something funny or flattering.

Out-of-doors at two or half past two o'clock, just before the first public performance, the space behind the amphitheatre is worth visiting. Scarcely could there have been such another human hodgepodge in an amphitheatre in ancient Rome. Standing about in groups, or playing for fun the very games and exercises they are hired to show in public, are many sorts of men who are all as nearly like centaurs as men can be. Some are soldiers of France and Russia, Africa and Germany, glittering, gaudy, trim, or, if from Africa, moving about with garments that blow out like balloons as they move in the wind. The Cossacks have the waists of fashionable women, and their long gabardines,

SOCIAL STUDIES BEHIND THE SCENES AT BUFFALO BILL'S.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

each breasted with a row of tiny ivory powder-horns, reach to the middle of dainty, glossy boots. The gauchos of Argentina simply tie up their feet in rudely dressed cow-skin that leaves their toes bare, and from their loins to their ankles are thin cloths wound about so as to make very Oriental-looking trousers. The armorer of the show, an English boy who has been an American soldier, shoots eternally at whatever any one will throw up in the air before him. The gauchos just as eternally practise with the bola. Make a pawnbroker's three-ball emblem out of three stones and three lengths of limber rawhide, and you have a bola. All over the grounds they sling this queer implement at posts and poles, scurrying it over the dirt in the hope that it will tangle itself around what they aim at, as it is meant to tangle itself around a cow's legs.

The cowboys, first to mount their ponies, fall to roping one another, until the champion Mexican roper comes along to play with his lariat. Then they admit with unexpected frankness that what he does "can't be beat; it's out of sight." And truly it is. The Mexican—a handsome, finely built fellow, worth all the rest of his band in appearance—can make silent music, or poetry, with his rope. He sends its broad loop curving and circling and lilting round and round, above him, below him, under his feet, and out again over his head, with a motion that is graceful and easy and beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. And whenever he wants to do so, by a mere twist of his wrist he reverses its relation to his hand, and throws it uncringly over and around whatever he wishes to tether with it. When he plays, the cowboys—who are past masters of roping—simply line up their horses and look on, just as the public stares at the same thing a little later in the day. Sergeant-Major-r-r Mur-r-r-dock, commanding the Irish Lancers, sits his horse and also looks on like a statue, until he speaks, when he becomes a hero right out of Kipling's army stories. "Me men all detest me," he says; "but, begorra, they fear me!" That is a little joke of his, indicative of his strict discipline, which is so terrible that he will not even allow himself a drink of rum until he gets back to Ireland.

When three o'clock draws near, the horse-mounting becomes general, and all over the space behind the scenes are spirited horses resisting the endeavors of Arabs, Indians, soldiers, gauchos, cowboys, and greasers who want to mount them. That is, indeed, a scene for a military painter. Suddenly the band plays in the amphitheatre, and Buffalo Bill takes his place behind a peep-hole in the back scene, mounted on a little covered platform. The dozen troops of rough riders form in parade or squadron formation, awaiting his orders. As the orator in the ring announces each band, Buffalo Bill gives the corresponding order, and each restless company springs as if from the ground into the air, and flies ahead of a cloud of dust into the view of the multitude on the benches.

THE HARA-KIRI OF YENYA HANGUWAN—A SCENE FROM THE GREAT JAPANESE PLAY OF "CHIUSHINGURA."

Drawn by C. D. Weldon, Yokohama, Japan.—[See Page 778.]

THE HARA-KIRI OF YENYA HANGUWAN.

THE art and literature of Japan have found many interpreters, but her drama, her wonderful stage, which Mr. Percival Lowell has said, in his charming book on Korea, is one of the finest the world has produced, still waits for some loving hand to unfold its wonders.

It is a perfect storehouse of history, and on its boards old Japan moves again with a vividness that is startling and a realism that needs no libretto. Its tragedies leave little to the imagination, and its comedies and farces are easily understood and some of them very funny.

The theatres are barnlike structures, with unpainted and little adorned interiors. The stage is at one end of the auditorium, which is divided into squares, like a great checker-board. On both sides, at right angles to the front of the stage, are the *hana-michi*, or flower-paths. They are raised above the floor. The broader one, and the path most frequently employed, is about three feet in width. It is used by the players for entrance and exit, and is really a part of the stage itself, for much of the acting takes place upon it, and in the skilful hands of the Japanese it is most effective.

The costuming is excellent, the scenery fair, and the acting in the main natural and good. The theatre is essentially the amusement of the people, and consequently, of all Japanese art, it is the least tinctured with foreign imitation.

In the plays are preserved the quaint customs and curious manners of by-gone days. They represent scenes of daily life, the myths and legends of the country or of the feudal times. Of all the figures of old Japan which the stage has preserved, the most striking is the *samurai*, the man of two swords, who occupies in Japanese romantic story the place filled by the knights of old in the legends of European chivalry. He was the backbone of the feudal system, and the military class to which he belonged ruled Japan. He was the logical outcome of that system. From it was evolved for his guidance a code of conduct of the most intricate character and of etiquette of the greatest nicety, which, though it may be to our minds somewhat fantastic and strained, had for its basis an ideal of honor which was no mean conception. Patriotism in its Western sense was unknown. There was no common country, no unified nation. The lives of the castles and the camps centred about the clan. Loyalty to the clan chief was the soul of the samurai, and individual rights and liberties were sunk in the intensity of the feeling. This fealty was called *yamato damashii*, and its spirit pervaded the entire history and romance of old Japan. It found expression in the old clan wars and in the thousand feuds and fights of the ancient time. In these modern days it survives in the form of a most intense, unreasoning patriotism.

The motive of a large part of Japanese romantic story is found in the deeds of these knights of the far East, and of all the tales of the olden time none is more well known than the true story of the Forty-seven Ronins. The record of their deeds is embalmed in the hearts of the Japanese people, because it embodies to them the very essence of loyalty, which they call *chiushin*. This word, combined with *kura* (gura), a storehouse, gives the title to the most popular play on the Japanese stage—*Chiushingura*—which is founded on the story of the Forty-seven Ronins, and which is the apotheosis of the samurai.

The scene from the play which is the subject of the illustration is the last act of the master of the devoted ronins (literally wave men, or retainers without a master), the *hara-kiri* of Yenya Hanguwan, the Asano Takumi no Kami of the original story.

The tearful and sorrowing retainers have, with bowed heads, come to see the last of their beloved master. All the preparations have been made with the precision and nicety which characterize this ancient and marvellous ceremony, no jot or tittle of which is omitted in its stage counterfeit.

Two straw mats six feet square have been laid, and over them is drawn a white cloth. At the corners are placed little tubes of wood, and in them sprigs of green bamboo. In front is a low stand of unpainted wood. The condemned man enters. He is attired in spotless white.

Gravely he kneels upon the mats, and, with unmoved face, listens to the sentence of self-inflicted death as read by the commissioner, a court noble, who is present as the representative of the authorities. When this is done a favored retainer moves with noiseless step to the front and lays upon the little wooden stand the fatal knife, carefully wrapped from point to hilt in soft white paper, and as silently glides away. The condemned noble bares the body about the waist, takes the knife, and raising it reverently to his forehead, calls upon the commissioner to witness his obedience. The handle is then firmly grasped in the right hand. The point of the blade is fixed touching the skin on the left side just below the rib, the edge inwards. The left hand is then placed over the right. With one strong effort the keen blade is driven home, a mighty sweep to the right across the abdomen, and the man has disemboweled himself, falling forward dead.

The samurai, who has witnessed this awful deed, walks down the *hana-michi* with stately step and grave Buddha-like face, to bear to his master his testimony of the dead man's obedience.

EUSTACE B. ROGERS, U.S.N.

KIM OK KIUN, THE KOREAN.

LAST spring a Korean noble of high degree lay dead upon a Shanghai street, murdered by a fellow-countryman. Had his schemes been successful in 1884 it might have saved his country her present humiliation; but failing, he started the train of events which has brought on a war of which the possibilities are immeasurable. This was Kim Ok Kiun. Born in 1851, he sprang from a noble family of pure Korean descent of great antiquity, and connected with the family of the King. He was a man of ability, courage, and ambition, of unusually active mind and ready resource. He had watched with keen interest the progress of Korea's neighbor and ancient enemy, Japan, and in 1873, with one companion, So Kwang Pom, he secretly went to that country—the first Koreans of noble birth who had gone, in these later days, elsewhere than to China.

On their return to Korea the fugitives went boldly to the King and told him what they had seen. But it was too soon for any forward movement.

In 1876, China consenting, a treaty was made with Japan. On May 9, 1882, the treaty with the United States was signed, the first ever made by Korea with a Western nation. Others soon followed, and the little kingdom emerged from its long seclusion. But the struggle had barely commenced. The numerous and powerful Min family, to which the Queen belonged, dominated the government. The Tai-wen Kun, father of the King, who had been deposed some years before on account of his fanaticism and cruelty, was a man of considerable energy and ability, was still active, and the leader of the "foreigner-haters," a wing of the conservative or pro-Chinese party, whose backbone was the clan of Min. Opposed to them were a few noble families who wished to shake off the bonds of Chinese conservatism and adopt Western methods and ideas. They made up the progressionist or liberal party, and were pro-Japanese.

The opening of the country was not a national movement, and it met with the most violent opposition from the people. It succeeded because it was advocated by a few of the more powerful of the noble families, but principally because China wished it; and the Min family were, in consequence, all obedience, thereby earning the enmity of the Tai-wen Kun, who thought they had joined the party of progress, and he waited like a tiger for a chance to pounce upon them.

In July, 1882, it came. On the 23d a mob incited by his agents attacked the Mins. Min Thai Ho, a leader of his family, was left for dead in a ditch; his son, Min Yong Ik,

KIM OK KIUN,
The Korean Friend of the Japanese.

fled to the mountains, and thence to Japan, disguised as a Buddhist priest. Poison intended for the Queen was taken by a maid personating her, who died. The Japanese legation was attacked. The minister, Mr. Hanabusa, with great courage, cut his way through the mob at the head of his men, and retreated to the palace to claim the protection of the King. The gates were closed. It was night, and nothing remained but a return through the hostile city. Pursued by a howling mob, stoned and fired at from the house-tops, the brave little band marched through Seoul's crooked streets, out into the country, and on to Chemulpo, where twenty-six survivors found safety on a British war-ship. Sixteen were left dead on Korean soil. The party proceeded immediately to Japan. On August 16th Mr. Hanabusa re-entered the Korean capital at the head of a Japanese regiment. Korea apologized and paid an indemnity. While these events were taking place, Kim Ok Kiun was hurrying to Korea from the Japanese capital, whence he had been summoned. Arriving at Chemulpo, he proceeded in disguise to Seoul, finding the Tai-wen Kun, his deadliest enemy, in possession. He returned to the coast, and reported the condition of affairs to the Chinese general. On August 25th 3000 Chinese troops marched into Seoul, so suspicious was China of Japan's warlike preparations. The Tai-wen Kun was kidnapped and forcibly sent to China.

Two years passed by without further outbreak. A mission had been despatched to the United States, at the head of which was Min Yong Ik.

HONG TJYONG OU,
Murderer of Kim Ok Kiun.

Our government sent the embassy back to Korea in the United States steamship *Trenton*. They returned to Seoul in June, 1884. Kim Ok Kiun returned about the same time, after two years' study in Tokyo. The liberals were active and hopeful, but it was soon apparent that a reactionary movement had set in. Min Yong Ik, of whom great things were expected, seemed to have lost the progressive ideas he had imbibed in foreign lands, and to be returning to Chinese methods. The arrival of the Chinese troops in 1882 had resulted in a new agreement with Korea, which bound her more closely to China, and welded more tightly the chains of her vassalage. Just what this agreement was has never been divulged, but of its existence there is little doubt. It was strongly fostered by the Mins. And Korea presented the singular spectacle of a revolution moving backward. The liberal leaders were in despair. They had looked hopefully upon the American treaty, and now everything seemed to be drifting out into the boundless sea of Chinese conservatism. Kim Ok Kiun and So Kwang Pom were at the head of the party, and it was soon apparent to them that at any moment they might lose their heads. The expedient most natural to an Oriental is a conspiracy, and one was formed, with Kim at its head. The time chosen for its consummation was the occasion of a banquet on the evening of December 4, 1884, in the new post-office building. A false cry of fire caused the inmates to rush forth. Min Yong Ik was wounded and left for dead.

The conservative ministers summoned to the palace were assassinated on reaching there. A new ministry was formed with Kim at the head. Unfortunately the Japanese troops were called to the palace, ostensibly to defend the King. On the 6th they were attacked by a thousand Chinese soldiers under the command of Yuen, the Resident. The Japanese, with admirable discipline and courage, repulsed all assaults, and retreated to Chemulpo in perfect order at the close of that day. This ended the new government. Kim Ok Kiun and two of his fellow-ministers fled to Japan. The third met his death bravely, preferring to die for his principles rather than escape.

Japan was in arms at once, and war was only averted by the fact that Korea and China acceded to her demands. The former apologized and paid an indemnity. The treaty with the latter bound both countries to withdraw their armed forces from Korea, except eighty men, who could be retained for the defence of the legations, and it was agreed that neither would send troops into Korea without the consent of the other, which agreement Japan now claims China has violated.

The leaders of the *emeute* of 1884 have stated that their action was urged on them by fear that the Mins would cut off their heads, also that their plans had the approval of the King. This has been fiercely denied, but the writer was informed by Lieutenant G. C. Foulk, U.S.N., who was at the time in Seoul, lived for years in Korea, and was thoroughly well informed concerning the country, that the King was at heart a progressionist, and that he did give countenance to Kim's conspiracy in 1884.

We need not follow Kim through the years of his exile in Japan. Twice his extradition was demanded and resolutely refused. Several times his life was attempted. Japan sent him to her southern possession, the Bonin Islands. Here he introduced new methods of agriculture, sent for American plants and agricultural implements, and succeeded in producing great economic changes among the wild inhabitants. At last Japan, in a soft-hearted mood, permitted his return.

On June 18th a Korean named Li Itsu Shoku was on trial in Tokyo for instigating the assassination of Kim and attempting to murder, on Japanese soil, another Korean exile. His testimony under oath showed that he had come to Japan to murder Kim and others if he could not abduct them; that he had met Hong Tjyong Ou in Japan and induced him to murder Kim. It was shown how Kim was persuaded to go to Shanghai by false representations, and how the prisoner supplied Hong with arms and money. The rest is known. The bloody work was undoubtedly instigated by the Mins. Kim's body was sent to Korea, where it was exposed in Seoul. It was then cut into eight pieces, and these fragments distributed in as many different provinces of the kingdom.

While the writer was preparing this article he received a letter from a friend who had known Kim Ok Kiun well during his exile, and he considers it of sufficient interest to be quoted almost entire. It is as follows:

"Kim was thirty-three years old in 1884, when I first saw him, a man of great dignity, genial, pleasant, and fond of story-telling. At that time he only spoke Korean; later on he learned Japanese, and spoke it fluently, but not English. He was very fond of giving entertainments. . . . He adopted American ideas at once, wanted to buy jewelry and be as foreign as he possibly could. While detained at the Bonin Islands he became so homesick that his health failed very rapidly, and to save his life the Japanese had to bring him to Japan. For some time he lived in Yezo, under guard; finally the Japanese removed their protection, and then, for safety, he cut his hair, wore Japanese dress, and lived under the name of Iwata, known to very few. In May, 1892, when I was in Tokyo, he came in disguise to see me. He had grown so sad, so pathetic-looking, that it made me feel melancholy.

"At the time of the rebellion in 1884 he had a wife and four children, I believe three girls and a boy, because I remember he regretted that he had not more sons. I have seen in a newspaper article that his family were beheaded after his assassination, but I am sure this is not true. I always understood that his wife, children, father, and other relations were beheaded at the time of the revolution of 1884. A Korean friend confirmed that report. Kim belonged to the same family that the King does, and there has always been great rivalry between the Kims and the Queen's family, the Mins. I believe Kim had the King's confidence and encouragement, while the Queen was against him, in his efforts to open the country. Kim was very ambitious as well for his country as for himself, but unfortunately with all his advanced ideas he tried the Chinese instead of the Western method of making himself a hero. He was the brightest man Korea has ever produced, and if he had pushed his ideas more slowly, and had won over the Queen's party, the result would have been very different both for him and for his country...."

EUSTACE B. ROGERS, U.S.N.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN CHINATOWN.

LOS ANGELES is termed the Chicago of California because of its rapid growth and business progress. It has now a population of over 65,000, and, like every California town, possesses a proportion of Chinese-inhabitants. A stroll through the Chinese quarter will reward the searcher for the unusual and interesting on any week-day, but on Sunday afternoons perhaps one of the strangest sights of all may greet the eye. On the corner of one of the little side streets, whose every flavor is of the flowery Celestial Empire, amidst the strange signs and gayly-colored lanterns, may be seen a group of sombrely clad Chinamen, standing about a comrade who diligently pedals a cheap melodeon. Their shrilly pitched tones rise together singing Christian hymns in their comical English, and as if to add further strangeness to the scene, sweet-voiced American girls are grouped with them, joining in the out-door service of song. Most of the worshippers, or, rather, singers, amongst the Chinese appear to be of the poorer class. The wealthy men are usually merchants or proprietors of some business. They never mingle with the crowd, but clad in silken blouse and flowing trousers, pass by without glancing even at their countrymen. Prominent church members of various denominations are banded together in an effort to convert and better the condition of the Chinese in California. But it is slow work, for a Chinaman generally thinks the older a bad custom is the wickeder it is to give it up.

FORT MONOCACY CAPTURED BY THE UNITED STATES FORCES ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 11, 1871.

OUR NAVY IN KOREA.

BY CAPTAIN W. S. SCHLEY, U.S.N.

THE purpose of this paper is to recall an event in the history of our navy through which the last one of the exclusive empires of the East was brought into the fellowship of our Western civilization.

Some twenty-eight years ago an American schooner, named the *General Sherman*, visited the coast of Korea, that peninsula projecting in a southerly direction from Manchooria, and lying between the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan. This vessel was loaded with a cargo of Yankee notions, and the purpose of her captain was a peaceful exchange of these commodities with the Koreans. At the time of her visit this empire was not in touch with the outer world, but in some form or other maintained communication with the Chinese, whose language they understood, and according to the best available information at that period, Korea was reputed to be a tributary empire of China. Whatever their relations, whether distant or close, tributary or independent, amicable or unfriendly, the first authentic information which reached our government came through the Chinese authorities, and was, in substance, that the crew of the *General Sherman* had been assaulted and murdered, and that the vessel had been burned by the natives on the west coast of Korea. Neither the time nor the circumstances of this outrage, nor the precise locality where committed, were communicated, if they were known.

An examination of the map shows the peninsula of Korea projecting southerly between the empires of China and Japan, and lying directly in the route of commerce between two empires whose ports were open to the trade of the world. In the usual course of commercial interchange, with the frequent bad weather of those seas, it was to be expected that wrecks would occur to vessels caught near the Korean littoral. Every principle of justice required that trading should be regulated by treaty, and that those who were unfortunate in falling upon these coasts through stress of wind and weather should be regarded and cared for humanely, and the helpless returned to the protection of their government whenever opportunity should occur. Circumstances had so shaped matters that the time had come in the affairs of Korea, lying, as she did, directly athwart the route of the world's trade, when she must in time and in turn wheel into line as a protector of those whom misfortune had cast upon her shores, and give up forever her older practice of slaughtering them.

Towards the fall of the year 1869 Rear-Admiral John Rodgers, an officer of brilliant reputation throughout the country, was ordered to command the United States Asiatic Squadron. His prompt action in the operations of his squadron afterwards, which this paper aims to recall and recite, sustains the wisdom of his selection for the duties of this important command.

The earliest available diplomatic correspondence on the subject of communicating with Korea took place between Consul-General George F. Seward at the port of Shanghai, China, and the Honorable William H. Seward, then Secretary of State, and dated October, 1868. In this communication the Consul-General set forth the advantages that would probably occur to the trade relations of the United States if a general commercial treaty could be made with the Korean government. While there was some question in his mind whether the results of this intercourse might not introduce ideas and work changes that might tend to overthrow the then existing order of things in Korea, he yet thought that the balance of advantages would be such as to justify the attempt. His long experience at a most important post of duty, and his complete familiarity with Eastern politics, enabled him to set forth in a most excellent state paper the importance of this expedition to Korea.

The Consul-General was under the impression that the first object of the mission to that country ought to be to inquire into the loss or destruction of the schooner *General Sherman*, and if it was found true that the crew had been wrongfully treated, as reported, then indemnity should be required. The reasons for this suggestion become apparent when he states that "It cannot be well to let pass uninvestigated a matter which there is every reason to believe may have been a very grave outrage on a vessel and persons sailing under our flag," and his fuller meaning will be comprehended better when it is borne in mind that at that period there was a strong anti-foreign feeling throughout the East. If the foreign powers permitted the wrongs of their subjects to go unredressed, an obvious and unfavorable change immediately took place in the demeanor even of the working coolies towards foreigners. Their anti-foreign swagger and insolent parade in the foreigners' presence indicated what the feeling was among the upper classes.

It was therefore of the first importance to our interest and standing in the East at that time to investigate this *Sherman* outrage on the coast of Korea, and the writer is satisfied that the result which Admiral Rodgers accomplished in 1871 in storming and capturing the forts on the island of Kang Hoa largely increased the prestige and safety of foreigners in all treaty ports of the Eastern empires. It surely put an end to that savage unrest which culminated in the massacre of helpless, innocent, foreign missionary women at Tien-Tsin in 1870. In effect, it was a reminder to all the Eastern nations that treaty stipulations would be insisted upon, while it gave assurance to those domiciled in the East that they and their interests would be guarded by their governments so long as they conformed strictly to the stipulations of existing treaties.

It was intended to charge Rear-Admiral Rowan with this duty, but the difficulties of far-off situations, considered with the tedious delays of diplomatic communications in affairs that have to be worked over and over again in the absence of overt acts to excite attention, or to arouse sufficient enthusiasm at home to justify resort to corrective aggressive action, resulted in the expiration of service of this officer on that coast, and his relief was ordered. The choice of his successor in Rear-Admiral John Rodgers could not have been happier. No officer of the navy stood higher in public esteem. None more amply deserved the honors won, and surely no one had more modestly or more worthily worn them. Completely equipped in his profession, sound in judgment, rare in tact, modest in manner, gentle and just by nature, but most determined and fearless in standing for and defending his country's rights.

The squadron assigned to the Asiatic station under his command was composed of the following vessels, namely: United States steam-frigate *Colorado* (flag-ship), 52 guns; corvette *Alaska*, 16 guns; corvette *Benicia*, 16 guns; gunboat *Monocacy*, 10 guns; gunboat *Ashelot*, 10 guns; gunboat *Palos*, 4 guns; gunboat *Millet*, 1 gun; store-ship *Idaho*, 4 guns.

Toward the middle of the year 1870 this fleet had arrived in the waters of the Asiatic station. Indefinite rumors spread throughout the ships that their destination in the near future was to be the coast of Korea. Very naturally the conclusion was at once formed in the mind of every one, by those curious processes of reasoning which are so often used to fix a desired result first, and then afterwards to adjust the progressive steps which lead up to it, that Korea was to be the objective point of this fleet, and that its mission would be, first, to inquire into the outrage upon the *Sherman* and her crew; this concluded, to make a commercial treaty with the government of Korea. Just how these things were to be brought about without a collision was not clear in the mind of every one, but it was not essential to consider this part of the programme except as a matter of speculation at this time.

The rumors of the squadron's destination in time reached the shore at most of the treaty ports in China and Japan, where the matter was much discussed at the clubs and in the homes of foreigners. In all these discussions it was a little curious to listen to the various opinions about Korea. Not a soul had the faintest idea of the country, its productions, or its people; no white man had ever visited it, except clandestinely, yet scores of people knew the whole situation. The country was said to abound in wealth, the scenery to be grandly picturesque; the roads were said to be almost impassable, the inhabitants to be giants in stature, their strength reputed to be herculean, their ferocity that of the tiger, their arms the latest possible inventions, and their marksmanship was said to rival that of William Tell; their resources were without limit, and their courage—well, that was only equalled by the historic defence at Thermopylæ. Such were the stories that met one on all sides.

The United States force at this station was admirably appointed, equipped, and commanded. Most of its officers and many of its men had served in the great rebellion, only ended some five years previously. They were living in the very presence of a number of heroes who had come up under the circumstances of its service. Its commander-in-chief was a distinguished figure, and one of the foremost of this number. They believed in themselves, and they knew if the Koreans could fight, that they themselves were not novices in arms. Above all, they loved their flag, and with the chance to defend it abroad as they had done at home, there came no thought to any one of them that they would fall short of the inspiring examples of such men as Barney in the *Hyder Ally*, of Decatur at Tripoli, of Downs at Qualla Battoo, of Hunter at Alvarado, of Perry at Tabasco, of Cushing in Albemarle Sound, of Mackenzie in Formosa, and a score of others whose deeds of valor in defence of home, of flag, and of country have enriched the naval literature of our republic. It was not difficult to forecast the result if, perchance, diplomacy should fail and a resort to force become necessary. In obedience to the commander-in-chief's orders this fleet assembled in the port of Nagasaki, Japan, during the early part of the month of May, 1871.

The arrival of the flag-ship *Colorado* at the port disclosed the fact that the Admiral was accompanied by Hon. Frederick F. Low, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to China, his secretaries of legation, Mr. Drew and Mr. Cowles, and two Chinese, who subsequently served as interpreters. All these officials observed the utmost secrecy as to the purposes and future movements of the fleet. To the more thoughtful the indications definitely set at rest the rumors of the year preceding. Korea was, after all, the objective point. This belief was strengthened by the fact that a retrospective glance over the squadron general orders showed a preference for battalion and artillery drills. Whenever two or more ships came together signals were frequent to land both infantry and artillery with the greatest expedition. The prevalent unrest of the Chinese at that time, together with the frequent outbreaks and riots at the treaty ports, was held sufficient to account for these preparations. While they were sufficient to justify this activity, they served at least to mask the real purpose of the Admiral. No squadron was ever better prepared to vindicate the honor of our country, or to protect its citizens and its commerce in the far off East.

Near the middle of May the squadron sailed from Nagasaki, Japan. Clearing this port and gaining a good offing, a course was followed to the westward and northward. The second day out the coast of Korea was in sight. All uncertainty about the squadron's destination now vanished. The only point still obscure was the precise locality to which it was bound. This was only decided when near the entrance of the Salee River, where the squadron came to anchor.

As the coast was wholly unsurveyed, except in the most general way some years before by the French squadron under Admiral Rose, and as the charts provided the ships merely gave the supposed outlines of the coast, uncertain location of its bays, and doubtful positions of its estuaries, with no soundings at all, it became necessary to anchor the squadron each day in positions determined to be safe by running surveys made the day before. This task was committed to the navigating officers of the several vessels, and the little steam-launches of the squadron were placed at their service, so that work might begin soon after sunrise and continue until sunset each day. In this way several days were taken up in reaching the final anchorage of the squadron off Isle Boisee, at the entrance to the Salee River, this locality being selected by the Admiral on account of its proximity to Seoul, the capital, and as a point most favorable to open diplomatic correspondence with the authorities of the empire.

The presence of such a formidable force in their waters and at the very gates of their empire, carrying a flag unknown to the masses, created consternation and alarm. Beacon fires were lighted upon every prominent hill-top in sight of the anchorage, with the purpose, doubtless, of signalling the squadron's arrival throughout the empire. The next day, from a town on the mainland west of the anchorage

an exodus of its people took place, carrying their household goods and live-stock. The fishing junks met *en route* were careful to avoid the ships, and fled precipitately inshore. The squadron was avoided so completely that it became very difficult to establish communication.

It must be borne in mind that the original object of the expedition was strictly pacific, that its purpose was to make a general commercial treaty with the Korean authorities, and to include provisions looking to the humane treatment of all luckless mariners who through any adversity should be cast away upon their shores. It hardly needs to be explained how important this feature was to the civilized trading nations of the world, whose vessels were obliged in all weathers to pass and repass these shores. To impress the people met *en route* to the anchorage that the mission of the squadron was entirely pacific, the commander-in-chief carefully ordered that no demonstrations, except of the friendliest character, should be made by those in the steam-launches toward fishermen or others met by them. In one or two instances during calm weather these launches in their work of surveying came up with the fishing junks, but the inmates appeared alarmed, and communication was absolutely refused. In one instance, close to the shore, the crew of one of these junks jumped overboard and swam to the beach.

At the final anchorage of the squadron much the same avoidance was noted, and to communicate in a country where the postal facilities were closed to foreigners, resort was had to depositing official communications upon a pole stuck in the ground, well above high-water-mark on the east bank of the river. These documents would remain all day untouched, but when the cover of darkness had come the pole was visited, for the despatch was always gone at daylight. Similarly, the reply was carried during the night and fastened to this pole, that it might be collected in turn by us during the daylight.

The opening despatch of the Minister and the commander-in-chief—for they acted in complete accord—announced to the Korean authorities the arrival of the squadron, its peaceful purpose, and its object in visiting the Korean waters. The reply to this despatch was evasive in tone, somewhat lofty in style, and at the same time deprecatory. It stated, virtually, that if the squadron was hungry, food would be supplied when it was desired to leave their waters; but if it had come to change their customs, the Admiral was reminded that it would be difficult to overturn the prejudices of four thousand years. Other despatches received informed the Admiral that a man of his nation, named Febiger, had come to their country and communicated, then went away. The Admiral was asked why he did not do the same. In another communication the commander-in-chief was informed that in 1865 a people, called the French, had come, and he was referred to them for what happened. That the people of the kingdom had lived in the enjoyment of their own civilization four thousand years, and wanted no other. That they troubled no other nation, and why should they be troubled by them. That the Admiral's country was the furthest west, and theirs the furthest east, and for what purpose had he come so many thousand miles across the sea. He was asked also if he had come to inquire about the vessel destroyed, the *General Sherman*.

We have, then, in this last communication received, the key-note of the whole situation. The non-intercourse and alarm observed can be better understood in this inquiry about the *General Sherman*. Now that a force was at hand, it was only natural to fear that it had come to adjust that incident. The consciousness of wrong-doing in that affair had worked their fears into general distrust of the squadron, otherwise it will be difficult to understand the consternation created by its arrival. The inference was fair, from the despatches, that the Korean authorities, although professedly desiring not to be troubled by other nations, had nevertheless troubled themselves to find out considerable about their geographic positions and forms of government.

Communication in the manner described was extremely uncertain, very slow, and always unreliable. The Admiral, therefore, with a view to facilitate matters and to improve the despatch of his business, and at the same time to allay any alarm, sought and obtained authority from the Provincial Governor, an official personage of rank commanding in the village on the mainland west of the anchorage, to change the squadron's anchorage to a point higher up the Salee River, and nearer their capital, Seoul.

Before this change of position could be made it was again necessary to send a surveying party ahead, as had been done when entering from the sea; much more imperative in this latter instance, from the fact that the tidal current was of great rapidity, with a rise and fall of about twenty or thirty feet. The river-bed abounded in rocky places that might be passed over at high water, but upon which a vessel of ordinary draught would ground at low tide. Great mud flats and rocky patches were uncovered by each low tide, so that navigation of the river was impossible without some form of chart; yet there was sufficient water for ships of deep draught several miles above the anchorage of the squadron.

A couple of days before any movement was made looking to this contemplated change of anchorage several Korean officials visited the flag-ship, confidence having been gained by our continued inactivity. As these officials were of inferior rank to both the Minister and the Admiral, and as the object of their mission was apparently more friendly than official, they were not received by either the Minister or the Admiral. Instead, however, they were handed over to the commanding and other officers of the flag-ship, and by them they were shown much politeness and courtesy. Expressing a desire to look over the vessel, they were shown her machinery, her small arms, and her powerful battery, and they were much impressed with these evidences of power. They were sociable, quite communicative, and explained their relations with the Chinese government and the manner of their commerce with its people. They told the name of their king, the numbers of their army, their form of government, and other interesting matters about their people, but appeared to be ignorant of the world outside. Before leaving they were told of the authority granted to make a survey further up the river, and were asked to let it be known generally, and to explain the friendly character of the work. When these officials left the ship they appeared to be perfectly satisfied with their reception, and expressed many kindly and friendly assurances.

A day or two after these officials left the flag-ship—at 3.30 o'clock, June 1, 1871—the *Monocacy*, Commander E. P. McCrea, the *Palos*, Lieutenant C. H. Rockwell, with four steam-launches in charge of Lieutenant-Commander C. M. Chester, Lieutenant W. W. Mead, Lieutenant G. M. Totten, and Master Seaton Schroeder, got under way in obedience to the commander-in-chief's orders, to continue the survey as begun on entering from the sea. The little launches with their small draught preceded the two gunboats some distance, and as the soundings were made and located by angles, signals indicating the depth of water were made to the gunboats following. It was their part of the work to determine the courses and distances to be run and the outline of the river-banks. The tide was running flood at the time, and this instant was chosen for the reason that if the vessels grounded the rising tide would release them. Nothing seems to have been omitted by the Admiral, whose constant purpose appeared to be to impress these suspicious people with the friendliness of his purposes; therefore Mr. Cowles and Mr. Drew, the interpreters, accompanied this surveying expedition on board the *Palos* to explain its purpose if the up-river authorities should doubt its propriety.

Commander McCrea of the *Monocacy* was placed in command, and was charged to execute his instructions in the most peaceful manner and with the greatest possible despatch, but under no circumstances to make use of his force unless he was attacked, and in that event to destroy the attacking forces.

Passing a bend in the river, an open stretch of several miles came into view. On the left bank, well above the water, several fortifications were constructed of stone, containing cannon mounted with some care, though of types unknown to our modern war literature. Like most of the forts found in these Eastern empires at and before this time, they were mainly intended to meet assaults from the front, while the rear was wholly without provision for attacks of an enemy whose assault should take place from that direction. All these fortifications appeared to be manned, so, to avoid surprise, the crews of the surveying vessels were at quarters for action.

The channel in the upper river between these forts narrowed to about three hundred yards, and the guns of the fortifications were so concentrated as to sweep certain points of it—front, flank, and rear. In this particular the wisest modern arrangements could not exceed those made by these Koreans; only one important feature had not been considered in their construction, and that was the use of steam as a motive power in the vessels assaulting them. The guns, once fired in their established direction, could not be trained, as they were fixed in pairs, side by side, upon log structures filled in with earth, with the breech supported against trees back of the walls to check recoil.

At the head of this reach, where the river turned abruptly to the left around a promontory some one hundred feet high, a central citadel was constructed, surrounded by a wall of stone and earth about eight feet high, with a trench dug on its inside in imitation of the moat usually found around the exterior of civilized fortifications. At the foot of this promontory, but above the high-water-mark of the river, a wall with crenellated top had been built. From embrasures in this structure quite a half-hundred guns projected. Backward and upward this promontory sloped to the crest, which was surmounted by a citadel some eighty feet in diameter, so that the whole promontory presented a view somewhat like the frustum of a cone. To the left or westward of this citadel lay a ravine about seventy feet deep, extending across

LOWER FORT IN POSSESSION OF BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES.

the peninsula to the river, north of this promontory, and isolating it from the line of rifle-pits and other defences along the hill-tops beyond the ravine. These defences were intended to hold an enemy in check until the defending forces around this promontory could have time to retreat safely into the citadel from the outlying defences.

In one angle of this quadrangular-shaped citadel a large tent was erected, and from a tall bamboo pole a few feet in front of it floated a large yellow flag containing some characters, which, our interpreters afterwards stated, were intended to indicate the headquarters of the commanding officer. In another angle of this fortification a number of thatched bamboo sheds were constructed, no doubt as quarters for the soldiers. On the walls of the forts and along the slopes of the hills near these fortifications large groups of men were collected, but it was not imagined their purpose was hostile; it was thought to be merely curiosity.

On a bold bluff, to the right going up the river, and on the mainland of Korea, another small fort was so placed as to converge its fire upon a point of the river, making a cross-fire with the batteries opposite on the peninsula, which was, in fact, the island of Kang Hoa.

When the surveying vessels had reached this vicinity the groups of men already observed suddenly disappeared, and a signal gun was fired from the citadel. Only a moment elapsed, when a furious fire was opened upon the surveying vessels from the forts situated on both the mainland and the island of Kang Hoa. A perfect storm of missiles struck about the ships and launches, but fortunately did no harm, as the guns had been ranged upon points in the channel during low water, while the increasing tide allowed the vessels to pass over a different route from that contemplated by the artillerists in laying their guns. The surveying vessels instantly opened their batteries upon the forts, and the engagement became general until they passed completely above them, silencing their guns in passing. An incident of much interest in this attack upon the ships was the heroic behavior of Master Seaton Schroeder, in command of the steam-launch of the corvette *Benicia*. Earlier in the day, at a point below the forts, while sounding out the channel, the lead line in some manner fouled the launch's propeller; some time was taken to clear it, and this delayed the little steamer until all the other vessels had gone by the forts. It was an ugly position for a little steam-launch with only one small howitzer mounted in her bow, but Schroeder's orders were to go up with the other vessels, and this was sufficient; without hesitation he pointed her up the river, and passed the forts under a perfect cyclone of projectiles. It was an instance of heroic determination to obey his orders, and in so doing he doubtless counted upon the boldness of his manœuvre to disarrange the enemy's fire. This did happen, for his party escaped without material damage. In any other service in the world his reward would have been promotion at least one grade.

The passing of these forts was not without severe damage to the *Monocacy*, as she ran upon a submerged rock in sweeping a turn around the promontory, and seriously injured her bottom plating. When she returned to the anchorage of the squadron below, she was obliged to run on to the mud flats abreast the fleet to repair a serious rent in her bottom plates. She was sent to Shanghai, China, after the operations closed, and at this writing is still an efficient cruiser on the Asiatic station.

After the vessels had succeeded in passing the forts, they turned about to repass them. This time, however, they were the aggressors, and did not wait for the enemy's fire, but began a tremendous bombardment of each fort as it came within range. The reverberation of the heavy guns was heard on board the vessels below, and from positions aloft the smoke of battle could be seen rising up over the hills about the fortifications. Occasionally a shell that had struck the ramparts was seen to burst in the air above them, but the fire of the enemy during this attack was feeble, and was mainly from the guns that had not been fired at the vessels on their way up.

The forts were only repassed when they had ceased to show any further resistance. The cannonade by our vessels was furious and destructive, and it awakened some of the rec-

THE KOREANS ON BOARD SHIP

INSIDE FORT DU COUDE AFTER THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING.

ollections of earlier years. On board the ships at the anchorage below, the excitement was intense, and the fleet was immediately prepared for general action. On the hill-tops surrounding the anchorage could be seen crowds of anxious Koreans, who had gathered on these elevated places to witness the battle, and, no doubt, experienced some dismay at the spectacle of the ships returning apparently uninjured after having passed and repassed the fortifications which they had thought were impregnable and impassable

When the little surveying fleet had returned and reports had been made of this unprovoked assault upon them, the commander-in-chief resolved to land the squadron battalion the following day to avenge this insult. But further reflection brought to his mind the conclusion that this attack might not be justified by the government of Korea, and even though the situation was grave in the extreme, it was thought that the breach might still be repaired if the act were disavowed and due reparation made. With this view the order to land next day was countermanded, and a laudable attempt was made by the Minister and commander-in-chief to arrange the matter diplomatically. As communication was slow, and made a trifle more difficult by this unfortunate incident, it was determined to postpone any hostile movement for at least ten days. For a number of reasons this was a wise determination. The injury to the bottom of the *Monocacy* was to be repaired, and this would require some days. The tides, which were at full spring, made navigation a little dangerous on account of the strong current, and if operations should become imperative in consequence of failure on the part of the Korean authorities to disavow the hostile act of their officers, or to make suitable apology for the insult, the military advantage of the lesser tidal current ten days later would be more in favor of the operating forces to be landed. In the mean time advantage was taken of this interval of delay to send the *Palos* over to Che-Foo, China, where the squadron mails had been sent. During the absence of the *Palos* the chief governor of the province despatched a communication to the commander-in-chief, in which he justified the attack upon the surveying squadron, and stated that it was in accordance with the custom of their country to fire upon any one who attempted to pass the gates of their empire. He furthermore expressed determination to resist all attempts to establish international intercourse. Although the note was haughty in tone and defiant in attitude, the bearers of it were treated with all courtesy, and were shown over the flag-ship, and before leaving indulged in a glass of wine. Although these bearers of the despatch were not disposed to be communicative during their visit, yet it was ascertained from them that during the action of June 1st the shells of the surveying vessels had "killed not a few, and had wounded many tens," this being the usual Oriental method of expression.

This note set at rest all hope of reparation or of disavowal on the part of the Korean government. To the Minister and to the commander-in-chief no other recourse was left than that last appeal of nations after diplomacy has exhausted every honorable means to peacefully adjust disagreements. A critical stage in this affair was now at hand; but, most fortunately, there was at the head of the naval forces an officer who had never before in his career hesitated to accept the gauge of battle when thrown down to him by an enemy, and the narrative of what follows will indicate that he was true to his general character, and that having complied most fully with every just consideration of this matter, he determined to settle the controversy by a resort to arms. Accordingly the order was issued fixing June the 10th, at 9.30 o'clock A.M., when the squadron forces, consisting of a battalion of infantry, seven pieces of artillery, and a corps of sappers and miners, should be landed, and supported by the gunboats *Monocacy* and *Palos* and four steam-launches.

A day or two before this expedition left the ships a Korean junk drifted down the river, and was directed by her crew alongside the flag-ship *Colorado*. This junk contained several cattle, a large quantity of vegetables, and some eggs, intended as a present to the Admiral. A communication brought by the master of the junk stated that these articles were sent to the foreigners who had come many thousands of miles, and who were doubtless much in need of something to eat.

As there had been no apology made up to this time, no explanation offered, or no reparation tendered by the Korean authorities for the attack made upon the squadron on June the 1st, Admiral Rodgers replied that until this action could be explained he would be obliged to decline their friendly gifts, and with this assurance dismissed the junk and her cargo. Sufficient time having elapsed to enable the government of Korea to deliberate fully upon this matter, as well as to have communicated with the principal authorities responsible for this attack of June 1st, and no explanation of it having been tendered, no officer, under the circumstances, charged with important public duties abroad, upholding his country's honor, could, with any self-respect, omit the opportunity to repair, in his own way, this unprovoked assault on peaceable and friendly visitors.

The appointed day and hour having arrived for landing the force designated, active preparations were begun on board all the ships of the fleet early in the day, and by 10 A.M. the entire force was afloat in the boats of the squadron and in their assigned positions astern of the *Palos*, to be towed to the point where the landing was to take place.

This organization was as follows:

Commander-in-chief, Commander H. C. Blake, U.S.N., on board the gunboat *Palos*.
Commanding land forces, Commander L. A. Kimberly, U.S.N.
Aide-de-camp, Mate A. K. Baylor, U.S.N.
Signal Officer, Ensign N. T. Houston, U.S.N.
Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Schley, U.S.N.
Commanding Right Wing, Lieutenant-Commander Silas Casey, U.S.N.
Commanding Left Wing, Lieutenant-Commander W. K. Wheeler, U.S.N.
Commanding Company A, Lieutenant-Commander O. F. Heyerman, U.S.N.
First Lieutenant Company A, Ensign C. A. Clark, U.S.N.
Commanding Company B, Master F. J. Drake, U.S.N.
Commanding Company C, Lieutenant G. M. Totten, U.S.N.
Commanding Company D, Lieutenant H. W. McKee, U.S.N.
First Lieutenant Company D, Master C. W. Chipp, U.S.N.
Commanding Company E, Lieutenant B. McIlvaine, U.S.N.
Commanding Company F, Master J. H. Pillsbury, U.S.N.
Commanding Company G, Master T. C. McLean, U.S.N.
Commanding Company H, Master R. M. G. Brown, U.S.N.
First Lieutenant Company H, Mate Callender, U.S.N.
Commanding Company I, Captain McLane Tilton, U.S.M.C.
First Lieutenant Company I, Second Lieutenant W. J. McDonald, U.S.M.C.
Commanding Company K, First Lieutenant J. B. Breese, U.S.M.C.
First Lieutenant Company K, First Lieutenant F. M. Mullany, U.S.M.C.

ARTILLERY DIVISION.

Commanding Artillery, Lieutenant-Commander Douglas Cassel, U.S.N.
Commanding Right Battery, Lieutenant A. S. Snow, U.S.N.
Commanding Left Battery, Lieutenant W. W. Mead, U.S.N.
Chief Right Section, Ensign Seaton Schroeder, U.S.N.
Chief Right Centre Section, Ensign F. S. Bassett, U.S.N.
Chief Left Centre Section, Mate N. Greenway, U.S.N.
Chief Left Section, Master A. V. Wadhams, U.S.N.

PIONEER DIVISION.

Commanding Pioneers, etc., Mate Quinn, U.S.N.

HOSPITAL CORPS.

Past Assistant Surgeon C. J. T. Wells, U.S.N.
Assistant Surgeon Latta, U.S.N.
Assistant Surgeon W. P. Corwin, U.S.N.
Chief Engineer A. Henderson, U.S.N.
Captain's Clerk, D. Holland, U.S.N.

STEAM-LAUNCH DIVISION.

Commanding, Lieutenant-Commander H. F. Picking, U.S.N., in *Atlanta*.
Second Assistant Engineer H. L. Sicsson, U.S.N.
Commanding the *Wechawken*, Mate L. P. Gallagher, U.S.N.
Commanding the *Benicia's* launch, Mate Samuel Gee, U.S.N.
Second Assistant Engineer, George H. Kearney, U.S.N.
Commanding the *Alaska's* launch, Master Nicholas Roosevelt, U.S.N.
Second Assistant Engineer, Theodore Cooper, U.S.N.

OFFICERS OF THE GUNBOAT "MONOCACY."

Commander E. P. McCrea, U.S.N., commanding.
Lieutenant-Commander D. E. Mullan, U.S.N.
Lieutenant J. T. Gardner, U.S.N.
Master J. B. Smith, U.S.N.
Master T. C. Force, U.S.N.
Second Assistant Engineer, H. D. Potts, U.S.N.
Second Assistant Engineer, L. R. Harmony, U.S.N.
Surgeon Somerset Robinson, U.S.N.
Paymaster C. D. Mansfield, U.S.N.

OFFICERS OF THE GUNBOAT "PALOS."

Lieutenant C. H. Rockwell, U.S.N., commanding.
Lieutenant J. E. Jones, U.S.N.
Ensign James Franklin, U.S.N.
Mate N. C. Fuller, U.S.N.
Mate J. C. Howard, U.S.N.
Mate T. M. Nelson, U.S.N.
Mate P. C. Van Buskirk, U.S.N.
Assistant Surgeon F. K. Hartwell, U.S.N.
Assistant Paymaster R. K. Paulding, U.S.N.
First Assistant Engineer John Lowe, U.S.N.

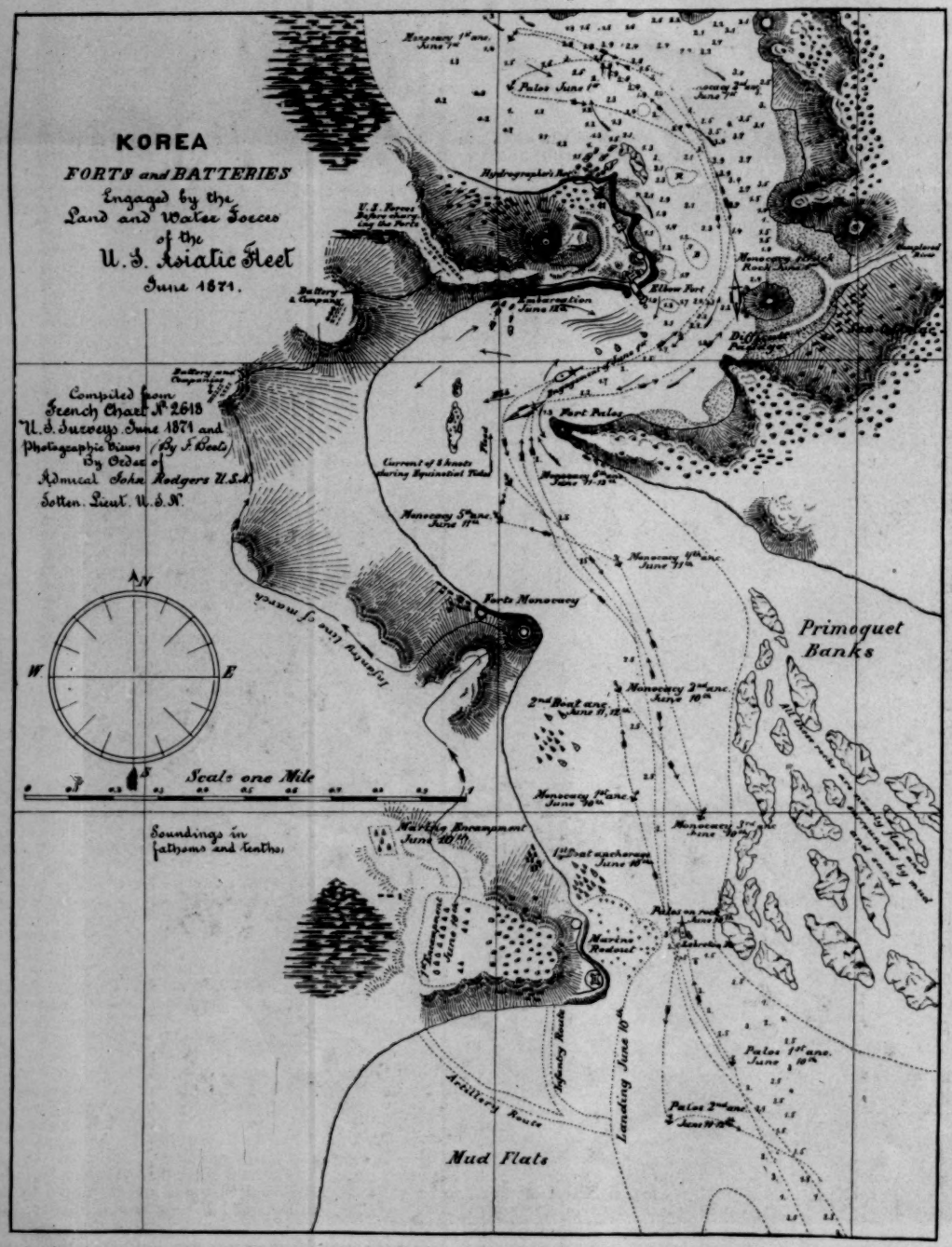
The force landed under command of L. A. Kimberly, U.S.N., comprised 10 companies of infantry, aggregating 450 men, with 7 pieces of artillery, whose crews numbered about 100 men. The officers, the staff, the pioneer and hospital forces numbered some 168 persons.

The force afloat, under the general command of Commander H. C. Blake, commander-in-chief of the expedition, whose flag-ship during the attack was the gunboat *Palos*, comprised the gunboat *Monocacy* with a crew consisting of 10 officers and 140 men, with 10 officers and 50 men on board the *Palos*, the 4 steam-launches with 8 officers and 60 men, and some 40 men left to guard the boats of the *Colorado*, *Alaska*, *Benicia*, *Monocacy*, and *Palos*, used in landing, and left afterwards on the beach.

The total force operating against the fortifications on Kang Hoa Island on June 11, 1871, was as follows: Land forces, 618 officers and men; force afloat, 318 officers and men—or a grand total of 936.

The battalion organization was maintained in the boats for landing, so that the right wing or right flank of the force occupied the boats at the head of the towing-line. The left wing or left flank of the force occupied the rear of the towing-line astern of the *Palos*. As the artillery occupied the centre of the battalion, the boats containing the several pieces were placed in the middle of the line of boats, consisting of some 21 or 22 in number. The little squadron of steam-launches flanked this boat squadron to the right and to the left during the advance up the river, leaving the *Monocacy* free to shell the forts and banks ahead of the battalion. As soon as the position chosen near the lower fort had been reached, signal was made from the *Palos* for the boats to cast off and form line abreast for landing. In executing this order it was only necessary for the line of boats astern to cast off their painters and turn 90° to the left. This formation brought the battalion into battle-line, ready for landing, with its right flank up the river. As this lower fort was manned by the enemy, the *Monocacy* and the *Palos* commenced a furious bombardment to dislodge the troops, or, failing in that, to keep down the severity of their fire in order that the battalion might land without being assailed by too heavy a fire from the fort. The objective point of the battalion was a position directly under this lower fortification, but as the line of boats was necessarily long even in the closest rowing order, and as the shelter of the beach was very limited, a number of these boats, some of them containing the artillery, were obliged to land on the mud flats some quarter of a mile below. At this point of landing a portion of the battalion was somewhat in the rear of the fortification, and the immediate effect of this manœuvre was to cause instant retreat of the enemy back into the country and up the paths back of the line of works on the river-front to avoid being cut off before it was too late. Some little delay occurred, but no confusion whatever, in reforming the left flank on account of the mud on these flats, which in places was almost knee-deep. The artillery was easily extricated by their drag-ropes, manned by the artillerymen and infantry, so that by four o'clock in the afternoon the entire force had landed and taken possession of the lower fort without fighting, only a few desultory shots having been fired after the retreating enemy.

The commanding officer being entirely without any map showing the roads or the topography of the country, which until this time was almost unknown, except in name, to the civilized world, was obliged to send out reconnoitring parties in order to select a position for the night, it being too late after this was done to advance further. A hundred yards from the river, in the rear of the fort first occupied, an elevated plateau was discovered and seized. Approaches to it up or down the river were protected by the gunboats, while the only access to this position from the front was over a narrow causeway flanked on either side by a deep morass. After posting the artillery and the several companies in position to resist assault, and having established a line of pickets beyond this morass in the front, the battalion bivouacked for the night in a strong position. Towards midnight shots were exchanged on the picket-line, and a



MAP SHOWING POSITIONS OF SHIPS AND LAND FORCES ENGAGED IN THE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS' CAMPAIGN.

message from the front reported the enemy near that position. After some desultory firing between the pickets, the commanding officer, Captain Tilton, withdrew upon the main line of defence, in accordance with his instructions.

Some distance away, on the opposite side of this morass, gunshots were frequent, and, taken with the din of the noise made by tomtoms and the hurrahing of crowds of persons, it was believed to be the intention of the enemy to make a night assault. This challenge was answered by several artillery shells, which burst over or among the enemy, with the effect of checking both the noise and the demonstration. It was fortunate for the enemy that no assault was made by him that night, for the battalion was fully prepared for business.

After quiet had been restored, Commander Kimberly immediately called a council of war to determine the course of action at daybreak. At this council the concensus of opinion was that celerity of movement should characterize the battalion's work; that the line of march should begin at daybreak; wherever the enemy was met the fight was to be to the finish; if it should be the good fortune of the battalion to gain—and it meant to do so in the first struggle—the advantage was to be relentlessly followed up; no rest was to be given the defeated foes, for as long as they had strength enough to retreat, the battalion could be counted upon to have quite as much to pursue; no time was to be given the flying forces to reform; every blow struck was to be followed by one of greater force; in fine, it was decided to make war upon them after the most approved modern methods, and to spare nothing that might be reached by shot, shell, fire, or sword.

Accordingly, as the first golden streaks of morning shot upward in the skies on that June 11th, the battalion, having already breakfasted, broke camp and started upon its march up the river, preceded by the pioneers and skirmish-line. There being no roads worthy of the name, the battalion was obliged to advance in column of fours, with two pieces of artillery ahead, three in the centre, and two in the rear, and even in this formation it was found necessary in many places to employ the pioneers to hew out a path wide enough to permit them and the artillery to pass. The country was wild and uncleared on the slopes along the river-bottom, so that the advance was considerably delayed; but, notwithstanding these obstacles, the second fort, known as Marine Redoubt, and afterwards called Fort Monocacy, about three-quarters of a mile distant from the first camp, was reached and taken almost without resistance at about 6.30 A.M., after a furious bombardment from the *Monocacy*. The enemy's retreat had been so precipitate that the morning breakfast was found to have been left boiling over the fires in their stew-pots. Not delaying longer than was necessary for the force to dismount and throw the guns into the river and set fire to the buildings in and about this fort, which, unfortunately, later in the day reached and destroyed an entire village lying to the north of this fortification, the column set out through dense undergrowth, over steep hills, and across morasses to gain the higher lands away from the river-bottom. The objective point was in this instance Fort Du Coude, afterwards called Fort McKee, which lay at the elbow of the river above, and some two or more miles away. After a tedious march in intensely hot weather and under a burning sun, on emerging into clear ground the enemy was discovered in force on our left and front, apparently intrenched on a commanding hill awaiting attack. The battalion was at once thrown forward into line of battle, and a skirmish-line thrown out towards the enemy's position. It was discovered almost immediately that a mistake had been made by the enemy in choosing his position. Profiting by the discovery, and seizing the opportunity to improve this advantage, Commander Kimberly threw forward the right wing under Casey, who seized and held a stronger position more directly in the line of advance. This position commanded the line of retreat if defeated, and held in check any attempt of the enemy to re-enforce "Horse-Shoe Citadel," or Fort Du Coude. Kimberly then moved his left up to this position, and detailed Companies A, B, F, with three pieces of artillery in charge of Lieutenant Snow, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Wheeler, with directions to hold this position at all hazards. The right wing, under Casey, was then thrown forward, re-enforced by one or two companies of the left, to make the main attack. The Adjutant-General was directed to represent Commander Kimberly in the operations of this wing against, and its final assault upon, Fort Du Coude.

Signal was at once made from headquarters to Commander McCrea to open fire from the *Monocacy* and steam-launches upon Fort Du Coude and San-tol-mac, opposite. This bombardment was destructive and terrific. It cut off entirely from the enemy all chance of retreat along the river-front. Unfortunately the *Palos* anchored over a small unknown reef at high-water on the night before, just below the lower fortification, and upon which she grounded heavily with the falling tide until she had careened enough to slip off into deep water. Owing to this mishap a grave injury was sustained in a large jagged hole through her bottom plating, which seriously involved her safety, and which obliged her commanding officer to forego most unwillingly any risk in the operations of the next day. This accident was a sore disappointment to all her officers and men, as it limited her further participation to guarding the boats below and to protecting the rear of the battalion. During this bombardment by the *Monocacy* the re-enforced right wing, under Casey, was advanced to the brow of a ravine distant about two hundred yards from the citadel or Fort Du Coude. At this point Lieutenant-Commander Cassel, with a small detachment of men from the two left companies, supported by two pieces of artillery, was deployed to the left to occupy and hold a slightly elevated plateau commanding the only road for retreat of the enemy up the river. A message received from Kimberly at this moment stated that he had established his headquarters on high ground, midway between the operating wings, and with both completely under observation.

As soon as the Koreans in front of Wheeler's command observed the division of the forces for the movement upon Fort Du Coude, they appeared to gather in great numbers from all quarters to attack. The fatal accuracy of our artillery and breech-loading muskets upon their advancing lines seemed to terrify them, and they were driven back in great disorder and in much confusion. It was almost too much to expect that they would face this deadly fire from breech-loading muskets, or the terrible effect of artillery shells, although several assaults were made and effectively repulsed. The enemy was never able to get within fifty yards of Wheeler's line, when their ranks would waver and finally break, to flee in great disorder to the nearest shelter.

Wheeler's position guarded the rear, so that he was obliged, under all circumstances, to hold it as of the most vital importance to our forces on the shore, hence his unyielding resistance to every assault upon him.

Kimberly, perceiving this movement in the rear, and being fully alive to the importance of rapid combinations, hastened the movement in the front. By forced marching the right wing reached the ridge of the ravine separating it from Fort Du Coude, having skirmished with the enemy for a distance of quite half a mile, over an irregular and rough country, under a tropical sun, and, in burning heat finally drove in the enemy and captured a number of battle flags posted along a line of rifle-pits perpendicular to our line of advance. The column halted at this point to take a breathing-spell, as well as to fill all canteens with water and all cartridge-boxes with ammunition for the final assault about to be ordered.

On the opposite side, in the fortifications on the hill, a solemn chant or dirge was being sung by the Koreans. Every soul in that fort appeared to join with enthusiasm; but whether this was meant as defiance, or whether it was in accordance with some battle custom of theirs, was all the same to the battalion. The music was weird and Oriental in character, while in rhythm it was most strikingly discordant.

The battalion being entirely rested, and all points of vantage having been seized by our forces, the *Monocacy* still firing her destructive shells into the citadel, the rear stubbornly held and defended by Wheeler's command, the only retreat for the enemy up river being guarded by Cassel, signal was made to Commander McCrea to cease firing.

Lieutenant-Commander Casey then ordered the battalion to deploy into open order along the crest, with the rear rank filling the interval about six feet to the rear, this being the first known instance of this formation as an accepted order of battle.

The battalion being deployed in line of battle, the marines, under Captain Tilton, were on the right, with Company H, Master R. M. G. Brown, Company C, Lieutenant G. M. Totten, Company E, Lieutenant Bloomfield McIlvaine, Company D, Lieutenant H. W. McKee, and Company G, Master T. C. McLean, on the extreme left, with Cassel and two pieces of artillery occupying a position still further to the left, completed the battle formation for the assault.

It was on Sunday, and the precise hour was 12.40 P.M., when the Adjutant-General directed Lieutenant-Commander Casey to make a charge upon the works of the enemy.

Across the ravine, on the hill, lay the citadel of the commanding general, the ramparts swarming with troops apparently eager for the coming attack. Over this fortification a large yellow standard floated, inscribed with large black letters, and within its walls there was a large and determined force of brave men, who yielded in the assault afterwards only when resistance was no longer possible. Like brave men they died, sword in hand, valiantly defending these works against their enemies, and more than that could be expected of no man. The contest was made unequal from the beginning by the use of modern breech-loading muskets and heavy modern artillery in the hands of lesser numbers of their enemy, and which no superiority of force, armed with inferior gingals and poorly made powder, could offset. The assaulting battalion was in splendid form, and throughout its ranks there was a visible determination in each face. The steadiness and high spirit of the men inspired their leaders with confidence in the result.

The moment the battalion appeared above the crest of the ridge in making the charge, led by the Adjutant-General and Lieutenant-Commander Casey, a tremendous fire was opened upon it from the ramparts. The disposition of the battalion in open order was most fortunate, and it saved many lives in the rush of the battalion forward amidst a hurricane of projectiles thrown at them. Clouds of dust rose in front and in the rear of the advancing line from projectiles striking short or beyond it, but the men were ordered to reserve their heaviest fire for closer quarters and more certain range. The cool courage and determined expression of the men in the advancing line boded evil for the foe, while the irresistible impetuosity of their charge carried carnage and slaughter into the enemy's ranks when they struck their columns. Before starting on this charge it had been resolved to take that citadel with all in it, dead or alive. The enemy poured down upon the advancing line a ceaseless and merciless fire until it had gained a position under the ramparts, and here it was assailed with great stones, which did some damage, but which could not check its steady advance.

In such charges it always happens that some more nimble officers or men gain a position in advance of the main body, and this instance was no exception to the rule. Where all were equally valiant and resolute, it was no discredit to the others that Lieutenant McKee, the Adjutant-General, and a landsman, Seth Allen, should be the fortunate ones to reach the parapet, in the order mentioned, somewhat in advance of the main body.

Within the citadel the Korean forces were drawn up in columns of seven or eight deep from the south to the north, facing the point of assault, with a double line of riflemen on the parapet behind them. The front rank was held by spearmen resting on their knees, with long lances poised to defend the column of infantry back of them, who opened a terrific fire upon those who first appeared on the parapet opposite.

It was at this moment that Lieutenant H. W. McKee and Seth Allen fell; the former was shot through the stomach and vertebra, mortally wounded, and pitched forward into the fort amongst the enemy, and was charged upon by one or two spearmen; the latter was struck by several bullets in the chest and head, and died instantly on the top of the parapet. It was an awful moment that seemed to last an hour, although only a few moments in reality had elapsed when Casey, leading his command, was over the ramparts, followed by Totten, McIlvaine, and Brown, with their men. Almost at the same moment Captain Tilton and Lieutenant Breese, with the marines, rushed in over the south wall, and Master McLean over the north, and then the fighting in the citadel was at close quarters. Casey ordered his men to charge bayonets upon the enemy, and during this assault the carnage was terrible. For twenty-five minutes the combat was hand to hand and most desperate, but the onslaught of bayonets, with breech-loading muskets, fired the moment the bayonets had pierced the front-rank men, carrying down whole files behind, was more than human flesh and blood could be expected to stand. The enemy's lines first wavered, and then gave way, and in great confusion and consternation they sought to retreat over the crest of the hill towards the road up the river; and in doing this many lost their lives. Many, to escape, jumped over the cliffs into the river, a hundred feet below. Large numbers took refuge below the cliffs along the river-bottom, where they were pursued, and, while stubbornly fighting, many were killed, apparently preferring this to surrender. The larger body remaining succeeded in gaining the road leading up the river; but at this point Lieutenant-Commander Cassel's artillery and infantry opened a terrific and deadly fire, which interrupted all retreat in that direction, and covered his front literally with bodies piled in tiers of two and three deep. Seeing all hope of retreat cut off, and only annihilation staring them in the face, large bodies of men took to the river, and were killed in the water attempting to escape.

During the excitement of the conflict in the citadel the quarters for men took fire, and into these burning buildings many of the enemy rushed in their panic when retreat began, and perished there in the most frightful agony. Notwithstanding every effort was made by our people to persuade them to abandon these structures, they preferred death in this way to the uncertainties of capture by foreigners who were unknown to them.

How many actually perished on that day will probably never be known, although it is quite certain that the force immediately in our front was about twenty-five hundred men. All these disappeared or were swept away in the battle of June the 11th, 1871, on Kang Hoa Island.

After the smoke of battle, which hung over the field for some time afterwards, had cleared away 243 dead were found in and about the citadel alone, including the commanding general, while many gravely wounded were picked up around and about the lines of retreat beyond. The numbers who perished in the river, or who in falling had caught in the cliffs, and who fell under the withering fire of Cassel on Wheeler's front, defending the rear, can never be known. But the victory was crushing, and the defeat was overwhelming at all points. Our loss consisted of only three killed, three gravely and seven badly wounded, none of whom died.

There were many instances of furious hand-to-hand combats between the men of our column and those of the enemy, but in every instance the result was in favor of the American, showing most conclusively the complete superiority of his physical training.

At the rear in Wheeler's front the enemy observed the defeat of their forces in the citadel almost at the moment it occurred, and they fled precipitately in great disorder, throwing away their arms and munitions of war and other implements, to seek shelter as far away from our lines as possible. Wheeler reported this disappearance of the enemy from his front about two o'clock, and was ordered a little later to join the main column in and around the citadel.

The citadel captured and our flag hoisted from its flagpole, Kimberly moved his headquarters into this fort, and sent out reconnoitring parties under officers to destroy all resources of the enemy, to burn all clothing and supplies, and to destroy all magazines of powder or ammunition, and to burn all buildings around the fort. About 2.30 P.M. a magazine containing a large quantity of powder was discovered on the hill-side back of the citadel, and was blown up by Lieutenant McIlvaine, who narrowly escaped with his life. The vast volume of smoke from this explosion ascended 200 feet vertically in a cylindrical column, and was observed on board the ships at anchor off Boisee Island, where it created much anxiety, for the Admiral up to this time had not yet been apprised of the triumphant victory of his forces. Seeing soon afterward "Old Glory" flying from the flagstaff over the citadel, he was prepared for the news which Blake sent later in the day by steam-launch of the overwhelming rout and destruction of the enemy's forces.

About three o'clock in the afternoon signal was made to the *Monocacy* to send boats for the wounded and prisoners, which was done. The wounded, together with a number of prisoners, were sent on board, as well as a large number of captured battle-flags.

McCrea came on shore in person after the battle, bringing with him a champagne lunch to the officers, and never before, perhaps, could it have been possible to partake of this bountiful collation with such keen appetite.

At 5.45 P.M. Lieutenant Hugh W. McKee died, having lingered in great agony over five hours, though conscious almost up to the last moment of his life. His dash and courage had been very conspicuous, and it was a sad misfortune to the country to lose this gallant young officer at the beginning of a career so full of promise.

Evening coming on, Commander Kimberly disposed his forces for the night in strong positions. A heavy picket-line was thrown out across the peninsula to the west of the citadel, with a supporting column close at hand. The artillery was posted in the citadel in such positions as to cover all approaches, and supported by several companies of infantry. Supper was then prepared and partaken, when camp-fires were lighted for the night, and the battalion bivouacked, ready for any attack and guarded against any surprise.

The men who had been met in the struggle were a brave and desperate foe, who, with better arms, might have prolonged the struggle more stubbornly, but the steadiness and valor of our forces had won triumphantly. It was a glorious moment in their lives, and when sleep came to their wearied bodies they went back in their dreams to home and the loved ones there, and forgot for the time the glory and the trophies of their victory.

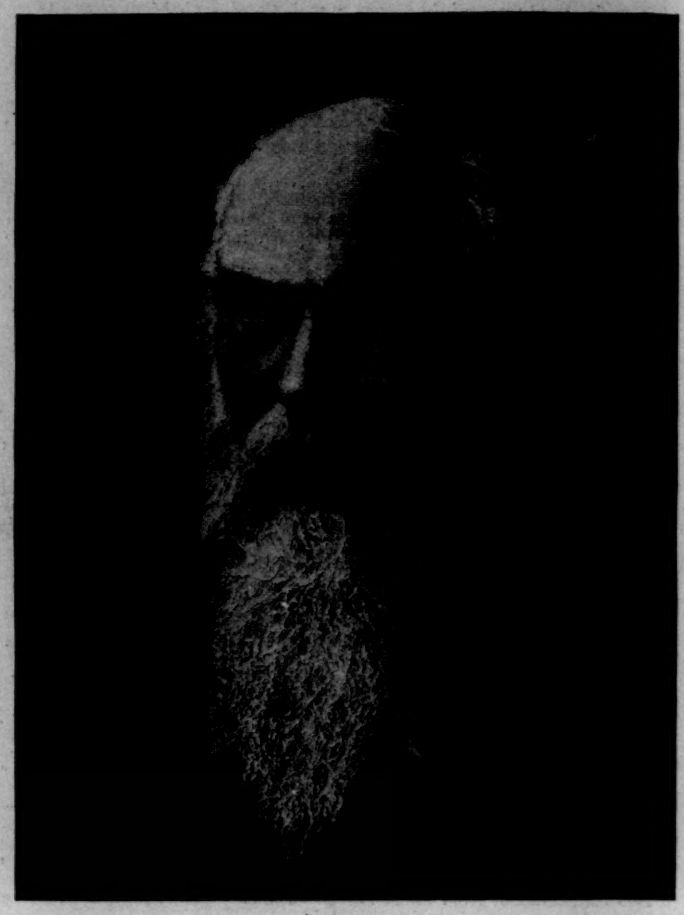
There were no surprises by the enemy, and no noises to disturb the quiet of the watchful camp. Indeed, it may be doubted if the Koreans had yet had time to get over their surprise at the swiftness of their overthrow, for it was a veritable avalanche. As the object of the landing had been accomplished, and the insults fully and furiously avenged by the battalion, orders came from the commander-in-chief on the morning of June 12th to re-embark the forces and return to the ships anchored off Isle Boisee. In accordance therewith, about nine o'clock the battalion began to withdraw, precautions being taken to avoid surprise during the operation, although the enemy were nowhere in sight. Within an hour and a half all hands had re-embarked on board the gunboats and were *en route* down the river.

The expedition was one of the largest ever landed in a foreign country from our ships, and in some forty-eight hours on shore its operations were distinguished by celerity of movement, by promptness of evolution, and for the completeness of its triumph. Its organization was similar to that of an army, except that the proportion of officers was greater, there being one officer to every six men, which tended to secure more complete control at the crisis of operations, when the men were unavoidably excited.

Where officers and men were equally courageous, and where all fearlessly exposed themselves in fighting, it would be invidious to name any special one, but it may be said that the victory and its great consequences afterwards were attributable directly to the high qualities displayed by this force on Kang Hoa Island on that memorable Sunday, June 11, 1871.

It added a new chapter to naval glory, and it was only another illustration of the "influence of sea power."

THE LATE GEORGE INNESS.—[See Page 787.]



THE LATE JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D.—[See Page 775.]

MONSIGNOR SATOLLI,
Apostolic Delegate in the United States.

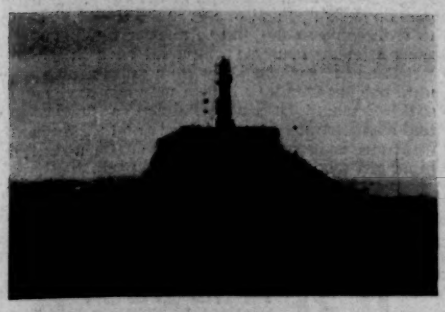
MONSIGNOR IRELAND,
Archbishop of St. Paul.

BISHOP WATTERSON OF MINNEAPOLIS.
From a Photograph by Baker.

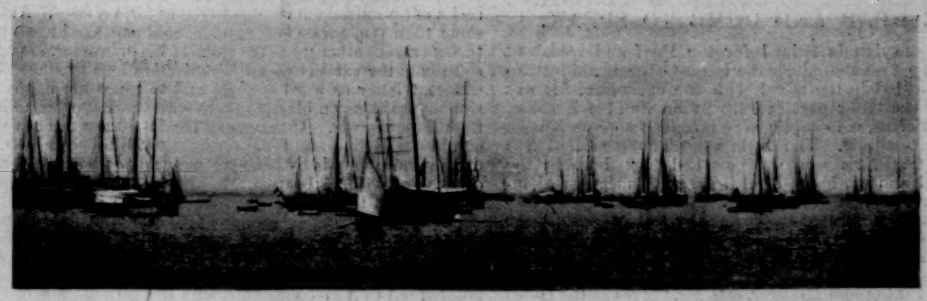
REV. J. M. CLEARY,
President Catholic Total Abstinence Union.

MEMBERS AND DELEGATES ASSEMBLED ON THE STEPS OF THE STATE CAPITOL.

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—[See Page 775.]



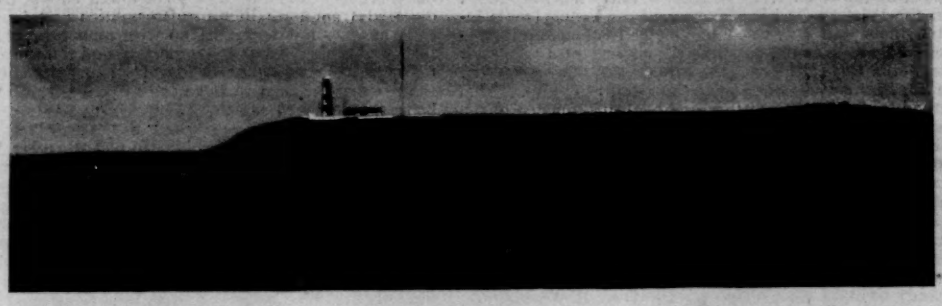
FASTNET ROCK.



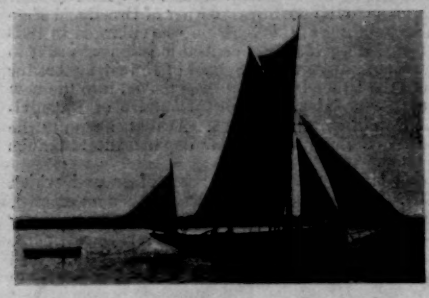
COWES ROADS.

Queen's Boat-House.

OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



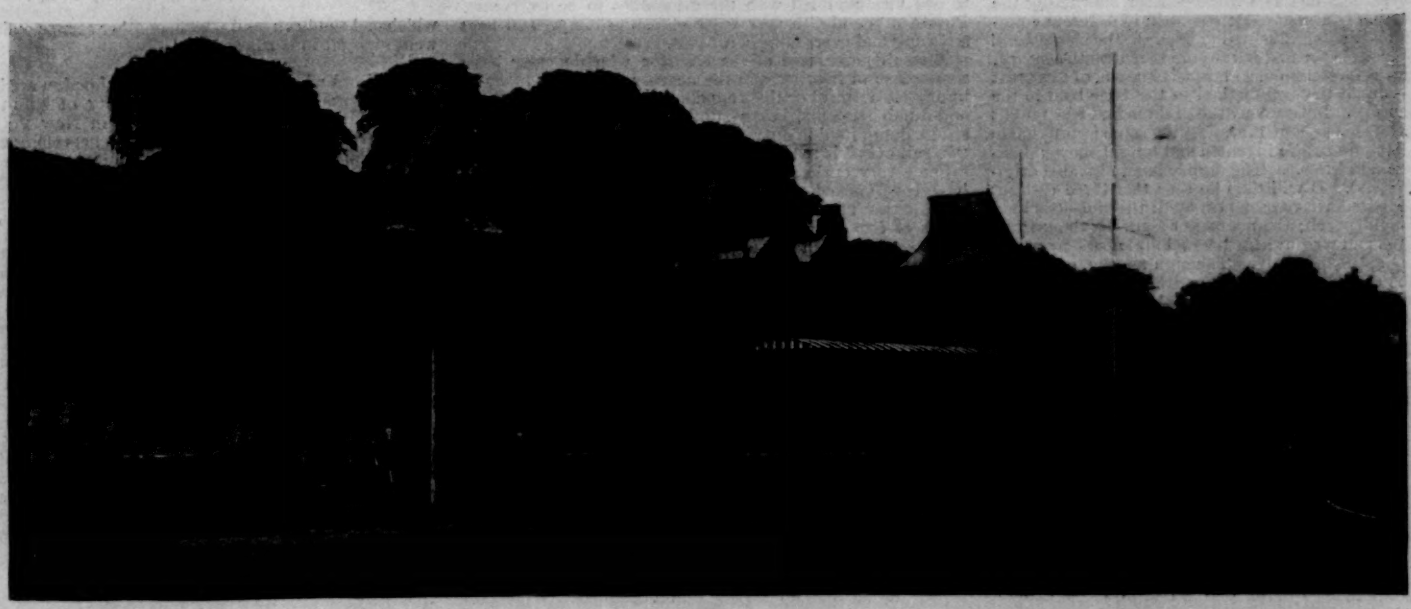
OLD HEAD OF KINSALE.



SOUTHAMPTON PILOT-BOAT.

CALSHOT CASTLE.

COWES QUAY.



THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB-HOUSE.

IN AND ABOUT COWES.—From Photographs by Stebbins.—[See "Amateur Sport," Page 789.]

A MARVEL OF EDUCATION—TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB TO SPEAK.

THE Pennsylvania School for the Deaf and Dumb at Mount Airy, Philadelphia, is the largest educational institution of its kind in the world, with one exception. It was started in the latter part of 1819 by an humble Israelite, David G. Seixas, who kept a little crockery-store on Market Street, Philadelphia. The little school, composed of five boys and six girls whom Seixas had picked up in the streets, fed and clothed out of his scanty means, and instructed as best he could, must have had considerable success, for it soon enlisted the sympathy and support of the philanthropic citizens of Philadelphia.

On April 9, 1820, Roberts Vaux, Horace Binney, Clement C. Biddle, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, and Joseph Correa de Serra, the Portuguese Minister, met Mr. Seixas at the house of Mr. Vaux, and appointed a date, April 12th, for a large public meeting. On this day those interested in the movement met in the hall of the Philosophical Society. The Right Rev. William White, Bishop of Pennsylvania, presided, and Mr. William Meredith acted as secretary. As a result of this meeting the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb was regularly organized, and officers appointed. Bishop White was first president. Among the directors appear the names of Roberts Vaux, Horace Binney, Dr. Chapman, Clement C. Biddle, General Thomas Cadwalader, Dr. Franklin Bache, Benjamin Tilghman, and William Meredith—all men of national repute. The first site occupied by the school was at Seventeenth and Market streets, Philadelphia, and Mr. Seixas was made principal. In 1821 the school was moved to Eleventh and Market—the lot now occupied by the Bingham House. In 1824 another change was made to the northwest corner of Broad and Pine streets. The building at this location was enlarged in 1838 and again in 1875. In 1892 that central location was sold to the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art for $500,000, and the whole institution was moved into the new buildings at Mount Airy, a delightful suburb of Philadelphia, on the 18th of November, 1892. At that time only the power-house and three of the four department buildings were completed.

The present site comprises sixty acres of ground, which cost $120,000. Seven buildings are already thereon erected. These seven buildings have cost nearly $1,000,000. They are the Manual Department, Primary Oral Department, Advanced Oral Department, Industrial Hall, Horticultural Hall, Hospital, and Power-house. Two more buildings are yet to be erected. Mr. Emlen Hutchinson is president, and Mr. A. L. E. Crouter, M. A., has been superintendent for the past ten years. The income of the institution is derived from legacies and from life-memberships, one of which costs $30. There are at present 460 pupils enrolled, about equally divided between the sexes; over whom are 40 instructors in the intellectual and 12 in the industrial departments. The buildings are far more modern and commodious than those at any other school of the kind, and the staff larger. Although there are only 460 pupils on the rolls, as many as 510 were in attendance in the year 1892–3. This year there have been 530. There are some few pupils who pay a tuition fee of $260 per annum, but most of them are free scholars.

The institute is at present, and has been since its organization, undenominational. A child, to be admitted, must be too deaf to be amenable to the ordinary methods of education. Children are examined at admission by competent aurists and laryngologists, and if any surgical relief can be afforded to the organs of speech or hearing, it is promptly employed. There are two distinct departments in the school—the oral and the manual. In the first, speech is developed and made the medium of all instruction. In the second, the manual alphabet and signs constitute the medium of communication and instruction. The students of these two departments are kept isolated as much as possible, holidays never falling on the same days for the two departments. The course formerly consisted of ten, but has recently been increased to twelve years. There are 265 pupils in the oral, and 195 in the manual department. Since the session of 1892–3 all incoming students have been placed in the oral department, and only transferred to the manual department when oral methods have been found insufficient for purposes of mental development. Very few such cases occur.

All students are rendered proficient in some trade before graduation. In determining what trade shall be taught, the wishes of the parents and the tastes and adaptabilities of the pupil are made the basis for decision. The trades taught are printing, wood, lead, and iron working, shoemaking, tailoring, baking, gardening, painting and glazing, dressmaking, millinery-work, cooking, and knitting. All these avocations are taught by a staff of 12 instructors in Industrial Hall.

There are various methods employed for instructing the deaf and dumb. Different systems obtain in different countries. John Paul Bonet invented and taught the single-*hand* alphabet in Spain in the first half of the seventeenth century. Ponce de Leon—no relation, so far as is known, of the great discoverer—taught the oral method in the same land in the sixteenth century. In Germany the oral method was taught by Samuel Heinecke about 1789. At the same approximate period the Abbé de l'Épée invented and taught the symbolical sign system in France. The double-hand alphabet originated in England. It will thus be seen that three distinct educational methods have been proposed: the oral—teaching by and through speech; the manual or sign—by the manual alphabet signs and writing; the manual alphabet—by means of the manual alphabet only. The sign system, originated by the Abbé de l'Épée, consisted entirely in a natural and conventional series of mimical and symbolical signs.

The first manual school in America was started in 1815 at Hartford, Connecticut, by Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. He had learned the system from the Abbé Sicard in France, and brought back with him Laurent Clerc, a disciple of that French master. The first oral school in America was started in 1866 by Miss Harriet B. Rogers, at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, but subsequently moved to Northampton, Massachusetts. In 1868 Dr. Philip G. Gillett, the then superintendent of the Illinois State School, introduced speech-instruction into that institution. The Pennsylvania institution began instruction in articulation in 1879, and introduced the entire oral system in 1882. As above indicated, this Pennsylvania school has virtually discarded manual methods, and will in future place all new pupils under oral instruction.

The oral system teaches the deaf and dumb *to speak*. This end is attained primarily by accustoming the eyes of the pupils to distinguish and remember the movements of the lips which accompany or produce first the vowel and consonant sounds separately, and then that shorter or longer series of lip movements which together form a *word*. At the same time the novice is taught to hold one hand upon the throat and the other upon the chest of his instructor, in order so to note the various and different vibrations produced by different letter or word sounds, and to place his hands in similar positions on his own body while endeavoring to imitate these sounds. If necessary the instructor teaches the child how its lips and tongue are naturally placed in producing these sounds by drawing the proper positions of the organs on the blackboard, or, in some cases, by digital manipulation of the child's lips, tongue, etc.

But when the child has grown able to articulate sounds and words by watching the movement of the instructor's lips, it has not yet learned to speak the English language. The objects whose names it has learned to *sound* are then pointed out to it in connection with the articulation of the name. At the same time the object itself, its written and its spoken name, are all frequently brought into close association, until the child remembers not only the sound of a name, but also its proper application. This is the task imposed upon the instructress of the first year's classes (a class usually consists of eight or ten children), and it demands an infinitude of patience and sympathy. The teacher must first make the children fond of her; and in the case of such little "tots" as are her students, each permanent step forward requires a sympathetic combination of perseverance and tact; the child's attention is used dexterously, but never wearisomely.

In the second year the child's vocabulary is increased by similar methods, and it is taught to write short letters and essays, and to describe in writing on its slate actions performed by the teacher. Miss Kate E. Barry has introduced into the Primary Oral Department of the Pennsylvania institute the so-called "five-column method" of composition—one word to a column, just like the squares of a telegraph blank—the *subject*, the *verb*, the *direct object*, the *preposition*, the *indirect object*—She | gave | the doll | to | him. This method teaches the child the grammatical sequence of the members of a sentence, and consequently engenders a clear and distinct style of writing. It is practically impressed upon the children by dividing the blackboard into five wide columns, placing a child against the first and last columns, fastening a doll to the middle column, and completing the action by pantomime.

In later years the various English branches are taught—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, spelling, etc., etc.—so that at the end of the twelve-year course the boy or girl is ready to enter the College for the Deaf at Washington, D. C. For although it *would be possible* for a graduate of the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institute to enter any college and follow the lectures by watching the movements of the professor's mouth, he would be under such a constant strain of visual attention as practically and unjustly to handicap him. However, the results of competent oral instruction are simply marvellous, students being shown who can understand and repeat in a *fairly modulated* voice long sentences uttered *away* from them—*i. e.*, when they are only able to perceive the movements of that *corner* of the speaker's mouth which is towards them—who can also read fluently from the shadow of speaking lips thrown distinctly on the wall.

Deaf-and-dumb children are taught very exactly—to say "I saw him go *into* the house," not "*in* the house"; "he stuck a flower behind the band of his hat," not "*into* his hat." It is just such an education as that to which Daudet subjected Guy de Maupassant for seven years—setting him to describe bushes and fences and cows and huts, and rejecting every composition as imperfect which did not include a lucid description of the subject's most trivial details.

The students of the Manual Department learn to write, spell, compose, etc., and are taught all the English branches, but *not to speak*. In a sign school oral speech is regarded as an *accomplishment*. The children converse with each other and with the attendants and teachers by signs alone—a mixture of word-spelling signs and pantomime or conventional signs. The graduate of the oral system *speaks* to those whom he meets in the outer world, and understands by *seeing* them speak. The graduate of the manual system can only communicate with those unacquainted with his language—*signs*—by means of a writing-pad.

The class of children who enter the Pennsylvania institute is not by any means exceptionally intelligent—rather the contrary. But as the teachers employed, who go through a regular preparatory course themselves, have usually an absolute genius for instructing, the progress made during the first and second years is not only very unmistakable to an outsider, but really wonderful. Average deaf-and-dumb children are taught to speak and write connected and intricate sentences in sixteen months from the day on which they heard nothing and knew nothing. At the end of that time they hear correctly with the eyes. After the second year progress is uniform, but shows no such startling advances to one unacquainted with the difficulties to be overcome. Pupils of the eighth year write elaborate essays, and read anything and everything with ease.

A small percentage of the children who do enter have some sense of hearing, and the hearing of these is likely to improve. Careful oculists conclude that the sight of deaf-and-dumb students, being subjected to such an unusual strain, doing double duty, as it were, is very likely to suffer. "Weak eyes" is not an uncommon complaint.

Some very curious and interesting lines of investigation have been opened up by the attending oculist and aurist, Dr. Charles Turnbull, of Philadelphia. A comprehensive series of experiments has shown that the sight of boys is much stronger than that of girls. A cluster of investigations is now in progress as to the development of the eyes of the deaf and dumb, whose visual organs are made to do the work of two senses, and attain in time the most extraordinary power and subtlety of vision, which enable them to *hear* involved and continuous conversation from the delicate movements of the speaker's lips as thrown in profile on a white wall.

It has with much propriety been suggested that such highly developed eyes would be of service in the most delicate astronomical and physical experiments, where "instruments of precision" are commonly employed.

It has been noticed that deaf-and-dumb mutes taught by the manual-sign method *dream in signs*, while those taught by the oral method indicate that they are dreaming by movements of the lips.

Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and *blind* Boston girl, was taught to *speak* by Miss Sarah Fuller. The amount of devoted perseverance necessary in this case is almost beyond the range of thought. Miss Fuller was obliged to insert her fingers constantly into the child's mouth and throat, and manipulate the various vocal organs into the normal positions occupied by them in the production of the various single and combined sounds of the voice. Placing two fingers on one's lips and one over the throat, this child is able to *hear* conversation, and to answer intelligently any questions asked. Henry Drummond says in *Tropical Africa* "that one never can know how great a man may become until one has seen how little a man can have and know and still be a man." It is not possible to appreciate to what extent education may be laboriously and triumphantly carried until one is brought face to face with a deaf, dumb, and blind girl who has been taught to speak.

S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M. D.

THIS BUSY WORLD

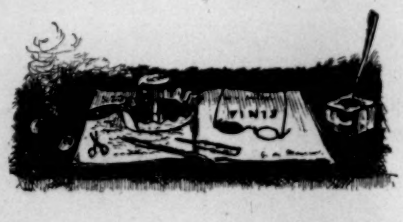
THE Chautauqua Assembly *Herald* gives what seems to be a full report of Mr. W. H. McElroy's lecture on George William Curtis, delivered at Chautauqua on July 30th. Mr. McElroy's knowledge of Mr. Curtis began in the times before the war, when Curtis, advertised as the author of *Nile Notes*, was a lyceum lecturer in the lyceum's golden age, and held forth in Albany, where Mr. McElroy lived. Later, in New York, it became a personal friendship that continued as long as Mr. Curtis lived. Mr. McElroy's appreciation both of what Mr. Curtis did and of what he was is both discriminating and enthusiastic. He laments, as others have lamented and must lament, that so preponderant a share of the energies of the author of *Prue and I* should have been diverted from pure literature to politics and journalism. Still, he does not regret it; no wise man can. The work that Mr. Curtis did was too important and too well done not to compel resignation for the loss of whatever it crowded out.

Mr. Curtis seemed to have too lofty a notion of what a book should be to try to combine book-making with the work that he did. None of the "Easy Chair" essays were printed in book form during his life, and when Mr. McElroy once asked him why he had never made a book of his lectures, "he replied in substance that they were not adapted for publication; that they were free-handed frescoes not intended to be looked at close at hand." They form part of the recently issued edition of his speeches and essays, and the reader can judge for himself how severe a critic their author was of his own work. Mr. McElroy thinks it "not unlikely that Mr. Curtis's ultimate fame as a writer may rest upon his 'Easy Chair' papers—in which we have the fine, rare art of the essay at its best."

A correspondent who seems to have a cultivated faculty for seeing in a picture all that the artist put into it, calls the attention of the "Busy World" to the tail-piece of *Trilby*, whereof he says: "To me there is something interesting and pathetic in this little personal note of Du Maurier's—the spectacles with a dark glass, the pen and penknife, and the magnifying-glass which he is compelled to use."

Objections have been made in some quarters to the pictures in *Trilby*, and a high authority in Chicago has stated it as the very general opinion in those parts that the story "would be much more acceptable if it were not marred by the odious pictures which accompany it." To the present writer's mind they have the merit, if it is a merit, of being by all odds the most illustrative illustrations that have appeared in recent times. They have helped the author to express himself, and the reader to get his idea, and what more one would demand in an illustration this deponent wots not.

The little tail-piece (here it is) is unexpectedly rich, and



even the catalogue of its objects above does not include the crayon-holder and the pipe, which have both done their share of the work. The scissors helped a little too, chiefly with scraps of song. I wonder whether it was scissors or pen that contributed the four little verses beginning:

> "A little work, a little play,
> To keep us going—and so, good-day!"

which end the book, and which, another correspondent says, went straight to her heart?

Americans who go house-hunting in London are kept in a state of chronic surprise at the scarcity of bath-rooms in English houses. A big house, which in New York would have four or five bath-rooms, in London gets along with one. The Briton must have his tub, but he is satisfied with that. He does not care apparently to wallow in water as the American does. Or perhaps it is that water is scarcer in England than here, and dearer, more particularly in London, than in New York. Or there may be still another reason—that it takes more servants to administer a system of tubs in a large house than to look after three or four bath-rooms. It is easy to understand how anything that minimizes house-service would recommend itself to Americans, while Londoners might be perfectly content with more primitive appliances skilfully applied.

There are two important questions about the animal called mongoose. One is whether the plural of him is mongeese. The other is whether, outside of India, he is a pest. The mongoose at home kills snakes, and his value as a household pet has been set forth in one of the most fascinating tales in Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book*. But it is held that where snakes are not handy it will kill anything it can reach—turtles, birds, frogs, dogs, chickens, and even trees; and that in Haiti, where it was domesticated, it proved almost as great a nuisance as rabbits in Australia. There were some mongeese among the strange animals that Mr. O. H. P. Belmont lately imported to stock his farm at Newport, and it is as well perhaps that they have gone to the place of all others where their qualifications for admission to American society will be rigidly scrutinized, and entrance denied them unless their credentials are all right.

William A. Eddy, of Bergen Point, New Jersey, has been to Massachusetts to fly kites on Blue Hill. He usually spends his summer vacation, as well as other odd intervals of leisure, in kite-flying. Kite-flying in this country creates a presumption of youth at the land end of the string, and the natural impulse is to speak of this kite-flier as "William." But he is no common kiter. He is a grown man and flies grown kites, and flies them high. No doubt, not to know all about him is to confess one's self ignorant indeed, but to this corner of the WEEKLY he is a new man. The YOUNG PEOPLE probably knows him, and will not be in the least surprised to learn that one day (July 31st), while at Blue Hill, he flew a nine-foot Malay kite that went up 3550 feet and then broke loose. He sends his kites up by teams, starting with a small one, and bending others on to the string until he gets half a dozen or more up, and has a team strong enough to carry the necessary lines. The big Malay kite was one of a team of six.

Mr. Eddy sends up self-registering instruments on his kite-strings that bring him various information about the upper atmosphere. He says that at a cost of $195 he could send a wire up three miles to send indications down. Of course he will not object to being called a crank about kite-flying, for who wouldn't be a crank with such a hobby? When one sees what a man who gives his spare attention to kites can get out of them, it makes one sigh to think how many fields now barren might, under proper cultivation, be made to yield huge crops of fun.

New Mexico is one of several Territories that want to become States, and seem in a fair way to see their wishes recognized. But the story of the sequel to an article that recently appeared in the WEEKLY suggests that there are some particulars in which New Mexico might be improved before she is quite fit to come into the Union. The article in question described the Good-Friday observances of a Mexican sect of Penitentes who have their headquarters at Taos, New Mexico. The self-inflicted tortures of the Taos flagellants have been described before, and newspaper-readers generally are more or less familiar with them, but the performers have not yet got used to newspaper publicity, and though their ceremonies are done out-of-doors, in view of any one who happens to be present, they are very averse to having them described. The article which the WEEKLY published was copied by various Western papers, and found its way to a concern which supplies New-Mexican country papers with what is variously known as "boiler-plate" or "patent insides." That is to say, the article, or some article based on it, was stereotyped and distributed to the country papers ready for publication. In this form it appeared in the local paper that is issued at Taos. The Penitentes who abound in that region read it, resented it, and took action by sacking the office of the local paper, beating the editor, and driving him out of town with threats of annihilation if he dared to return. He made his way on foot with great difficulty to Tres Piedras, where he found safety. Of four other residents of Taos whom the Penitentes held partly responsible for the WEEKLY'S report of their Good-Friday ceremonies, one was beaten, and the other three are reported to be in peril of their lives as long as they remain in Taos. There are 1020 Penitentes in Taos County, enough, it is held, to control the findings of any jury, so that appeals to law are not thought of. In the light of these reports it is not hard to credit the statement of the WEEKLY'S informant that "if New Mexico becomes a State the Americans in the Mexican counties will have to leave, as the Mexicans, who are strongly anti-American, will fill all the offices, and Americans will have no show." The Americans at Taos are anxious to have their status looked into before New Mexico is brought into the Union, and their desire seems reasonable. That the admission of a Territory to Statehood should make considerable portions of such Territory untenable by American citizens is a result to the realization of which legislators may well hesitate to contribute.

There are two slight irregularities about the celebration of William Cullen Bryant's hundredth birthday. One is that Mr. Bryant will not be present; but that he would could hardly have been expected even of him. The other is that while the birthday falls on November 3d, the celebration will be held on the 16th of August; but that is a trifling irregularity too. Any day is a good day to be born on in the Berkshires, but for purposes of celebration a day in August is more seasonable than a day in November. If the birthday is celebrated again, later, in New York, it can be done on the true date—that is, unless the Horse Show interferes.

The celebration, whenever it takes place, has a good deal of significance. It means that people are in no haste to be through with Bryant. It sometimes happens that when a poet has sung his last song, and folks have got it bound up in the complete edition of his works, that they are conscious of a certain feeling of relief in having one poet more finished and on the shelf. But when they go about celebrating his hundredth birthday a good many years after his death, it seems to mean that they have not finished with him and do not purpose to.

There is evidently that feeling about Bryant. A poet who lives in the popular heart a century after his birth has made a brave start toward immortality. If he is remembered then it will hardly be because decency requires it or from the promptings of filial love, but because his work is still quick and moves in living men.

The value of unsold pictures by living artists is like the value of horses—very largely a matter of opinion. Consequently it has been hard to determine the loss to art by the fire in the Van Dyke Building on the evening of August 5th. Mr. Henry F. Taylor, who had a studio on the burned floor, mourns for forty pictures, which he modestly appraises at a money value of $3000. Mr. Roswell S. Hill and Mr. Jules Turcas were also burned out and lost valuable paintings, one or two in the process of construction. But the heaviest loser seems to have been Mr. Frank V. Dumond, in whose studio was the "Holy Family," which won for him a gold medal in the Paris Salon of 1891. Other valuable pictures in Mr. Dumond's studio were either destroyed or badly damaged. Their owner is travelling in France with a large class of young ladies, and will doubtless set down the summer of 1894 as one somewhat overcrowded with incident. Nearly a score of artists are losers to a greater or less extent by the fire, and their grief is the more fervent because it does not belong to the artistic temperament to get insured.

E. S. MARTIN.

GEORGE INNESS.

IT is hard to conceive of any greater loss that American art could have sustained than it has suffered in the death of George Inness, which occurred on August 3d, in Scotland, in the course of a tour undertaken to recover the artist's health, that had been impaired by overwork. Although the painter had passed his sixty-ninth birthday, it did not occur either to any of his acquaintances or to any one who considered his recent painting that his work was done. The fire and vitality, the insatiable curiosity, the willingness to try new experiments, were as strong in him at the end of his life as they were at the beginning, and his latest paintings bore abundant evidence of new attempts to reach and to render the secrets of the aspects of nature. How rare this is among artists anywhere, and how especially rare among American artists, nobody who is interested in art needs to be told. The tendency, almost the overwhelming tendency, is for a man who has mastered one phase of nature to the satisfaction of his public to "stand on his attainment," and to go on repeating what he has found to be successful and saleable, so that his picture becomes his commodity. To very few is it given to "obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

Mr. Inness was born at Newburgh in 1825. Given the impulse to represent nature, and it seemed inevitable that he should have become a member of the "Hudson River School," which was at its beginning a source of ignorant pride to the country, and has of late years become an object of not much less ignorant mockery. That he should betake himself to learn the art of engraving was at that time and place almost a matter of course. With most of his contemporaries the art of painting became the art of coloring engravings. With Mr. Inness, even from the first, this was not so. Color was not an addition to design, but an integral element of the picture. Across the crudity and unskilfulness of his earliest efforts that fact never fails to assert itself. But as there were, when he began to paint, no schools, no models, and no standards accessible in this country, he had to make a lonely and toilsome way to the knowledge which was the common property of the schools. The present writer asked him once whether he thought that in his maturity he was at a disadvantage for having had to find out for himself what was imparted in the European schools. "No," he answered, "I think not, except that I might have saved an immense deal of time."

As he went on learning and practising, his painting naturally differentiated itself more widely from the current work of his contemporaries, with the natural result that it became increasingly less popular. Even twenty years ago the New York collectors who were the possessors of "early Inesses" congratulated themselves upon that fact, deploring the excesses and extravagances into which the painter had afterwards been betrayed. Yet, in fact, it was then that he was preparing what is likely to be a lasting fame as the foremost landscape-painter of his country and one of the great landscape-painters of the world.

It may plausibly be said that the painter would have remained without honor in his own country if his own countrymen had not learned to apprehend him through foreign examples. As it was undoubtedly the importation and the increasing appreciation of the Fontainebleau painters in this country that threw the Hudson River school into its present remote historic perspective, so it may very possibly have been this same appreciation that drew American attention to an American painter who had taken a like view of nature, and had striven to express his impressions by kindred means. The value of tone, the emphasis on "values"—that is, upon relativity—the disregard of detail that does not contribute to the total impression, these were lessons that were inculcated alike by the French masters and by the American master. It was Mr. Inness's large landscape at the Paris Exposition of 1867 that fixed his rank, in European opinion, among the landscape-painters of the world. But his differences from the French painters, whose general conception he shared, were not less striking than his resemblances to them. The main difference was in his far wider range and versatility, and in his belief, expressed practically in pigments, that one key of color was as good, at least as manageable, as another. The prevalent painter is like a musician who should confine himself to C major on the one hand or to seven flats minor on the other. The Fontainebleau painters by no means escaped this limitation. It follows that whereas "no gentleman's gallery is complete without" a Rousseau, a Troyon, a Dupré, a Diaz, a duplication of the example adds little, may seem even a "wasteful and ridiculous expense," whereas Inness can fairly be judged, as Hazlitt said about Burke, only by "everything he did."

There was an Inness exhibition in New York ten or twelve years ago. It is a cruel and unusual test to hang a gallery with the works of one man. When it is tried the spectator does not commonly go more than half-way around. He feels that he has detected the pattern, has secured the receipt, and he goes away. But Inness withstood this test triumphantly, because he had no pattern and no receipt, but every separate work was the result of an individual impulse, and was rendered with a technical skill that was never obtruded, never exhibited for its own sake, but was simply adequate. When the memorial exhibition of Inness is presented, which New York for its own credit must soon arrange, and the work of his riper years comes to be added, the same distinction will be even more evident. It is a common thing to say about Mr. Inness that he is "unequal," as if anybody who could do anything were not unequal. It is perhaps the defect of wide curiosity and versatility. It was felicitously put by Henry Ward Beecher, who, to the credit of his perceptions, was an early and habitual buyer of Innesses, when somebody asked him whom he considered the first of American painters. "Inness," unhesitatingly answered the preacher. "And who is the worst?" "Inness" came again, with as little hesitation. This is the revenge of the nature of things upon a man who is willing to paint anything.

It has been intimated that Mr. Inness suffered during the season of experimentation that produced results so questionable to the "patrons of American art" of 1870 or thereabouts, and also that it was not from his own countrymen that his recognition really came. There is a picture, "A Winter Morning at Montclair," which has been described as "naturalism pure and simple"—a description astounding to the present writer, who has always considered it as a wonderful example of the transformation that nature undergoes when it passes through the alembic of a great painter's mind. It is in a very high key for Inness—an unusual key—and it is a triumph. At any rate, it was this picture that attracted the admiration of Benjamin Constant, made him demand to be shown other of its painter's works, made him agitate the leading picture-dealer of Paris, and secured for Mr. Inness from that date, some five years ago, the largest income, as the man best informed on this subject says, of any landscape-painter living. To the most unworldly of men that was of scant consequence, except that it gave him more latitude to paint, and to paint in his own way. The future will appraise George Inness. For the present it is enough to repeat the wise saying of Samuel Johnson about Oliver Goldsmith: "Let not his failings be remembered; he was a very great man."

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RACING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper after a Sketch by A. Russell.

HORSE-RACING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

There is but one place in the world in which horse-racing may be seen at night. That is in St. Louis, Missouri. The track was built as a regulation daylight race-course, but Missouri pool laws soon after went into force and drove all the "talent" to the track across the river in East St. Louis. A stockholder in the venture suggested that the place be lighted up and run at night as a sort of curiosity, but he did not dream that horses could be run successfully in a long meeting at the full distances that are common on short courses. The venture was tried, however, and it succeeded from the start. Before the summer and fall were half gone the grand stand would not hold the people who thronged to see the races.

When the track was opened for business the stabling accommodations were large enough for but forty horses. Now more than seven hundred racers have their homes on the grounds, and new quarters are being built every month. All of the stables are lighted by electricity, and the stable-grounds are also well illuminated. There has been a small number of mishaps. No more in proportion to the number of events than in ordinary racing meets. The track is kept in good condition; and the rules that govern the National Association apply in its government. If a jockey has been ruled off the big daylight tracks he cannot ride here, and a horse that has been disqualified elsewhere, or any owner who stands in the shadow of irregularity, has no recognition. The attendance this season has averaged two thousand people a night.

There is a bunch of electric lamps every twenty-five feet around the track, which is five-eighths of a mile in length. Over twenty thousand candle-power is expended on the course alone, not to speak of the grand stand and those scattered about other parts of the grounds.

The entire atmosphere of the race-course, judged from a distance, is that of a circus. There are hackmen, tamale-venders, peanut-sellers, ticket-peddlers, and what not.

About the interior is evidence of everything but that which we commonly associate with horse-racing. The big plaza is brilliantly lighted by incandescent lights, and a throng of people in the cool garments of summer evening wear stroll slowly along to the entrance to the grand stand, which, in a glare of light, stands out against the dark sky in front.

When the track is lighted every part of it can be seen, and it shows almost white at the turns, where the force of light is doubled. Away on the back stretch a pair of horses wearily drag a scraper along near the fence. Down in front of the grand stand the clods can be as plainly seen as if it were daytime. Just across the track is the judges' little stand, with a great dial in front of it. "Next race, 8.30," it says. It is an odd time to see on an announcement dial at a race-course. The entire thing is strange. There is no dust, no glaring sun, no panting horses, and no perspiring jockeys.

Everything is managed as in the regular meeting.

The trumpeter calls the horses to the post exactly at 8.30. They enter the track at the gate at the first turn, and parade up past the grand stand and return to the start. This is done in order to give the audience familiarity with the numbers and colors.

Until this moment there is nothing in the general atmosphere or familiar sights about the place to remind one of a race-course. But the work of the starter and his marshal is at once familiar. The animals prance, break away, and are driven back time and again. Finally the flag falls.

"They're off!" is the shout that goes up from one end of the grand stand to the other. The audience arises. Now it is the daylight race-course over again. The scene is an exciting one. Suddenly, as the racers come into the stretch, a powerful search-light is thrown on them from one of four little elevated houses that are situated at the turns. The colors, even to those of the sashes worn by the jockeys, stand out in the perfection of clearness. The search-light follows the horses around the turn, and then another one takes its place as the animals break into the stretch down past the stand. Never was a daylight race more exciting than this. The spectators yell like mad as the animals go by the judges with a rush. As they reach the turn they go into the glare of the steel-blue search-light, and again is the beautiful color effect presented. The finishes are generally exciting, and the running fair.

"VIGILANT"-"BRITANNIA" RACES IN IRISH WATERS.

FROM A BRITISH OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The two races about which I have to write to you this week took place in Dublin Bay, off Kingstown. There was a race and a good prize ready for the big yachts to sail for on Thursday the 19th under the flag of the most sporting of our clubs—the Royal Alfred Yacht Club—and it is very much to be regretted that they did not put in an appearance for the No. 1 Champion Cup. The day would have just suited them, as it was the only occasion since the duels commenced between *Vigilant* and *Britannia* that a really fine strong breeze has visited these shores. Unfortunately *Britannia* was unable to have her defects aloft repaired in time, which compelled her to cry off from finishing her last race at Bangor, when Mr. Gould's yacht won; and Mr. Gould is too good a sportsman to care to do a walk-over just for the sake of pocketing the dollars.

Alas! Friday the 20th was anything but a satisfactory day for racing, as the wind—what there was of it—was by no means steady, and at one time it actually shifted almost from due west to east, and back again. This, to say nothing of thunder, lightning, rain, hail, and every other weatherly device to make life miserable both ashore and afloat, caused the match to be a poor criterion for the knowing ones to form any judgment from it. The course is a very good one, and, like that at Bangor, is four-sided. It is quite possible to have on one day lake sailing and the course as smooth as a duck-pond, while on another it will take a large yacht all she knows to face the savage seas brought up by an easterly breeze and weather the Kish Light-ship. None but those who have had to harden their hearts for a beat out to the Kish against a northeaster know what racing in Dublin Bay can really mean. The seas as a rule are rather shorter, when they are disturbed, than those off Bangor, and take a deep ridge and furrow form. The consequence is, if a yacht can place herself ahead in all weathers off Kingstown, she may be truly said to be fit to win anywhere round our coasts, providing, of course, there is no fluking. It is one of our finest trial courses, if not the finest.

The start had to be made, as ill luck would have it, with a soft air from north of west, which at times dropped almost to a dead calm; and as the yachts had both to work up to the line they stood inshore on the starboard tack, and then went about and crossed it. *Britannia*, to windward, got away about 14 seconds ahead of *Vigilant*, the latter, as she has done before this when under like conditions, losing all her time in stays. Certainly no one can deny that *Britannia* held much the better position for working up to the start. It was a run with spinnakers to port up to the Rosebeg Buoy; but *Vigilant*, trying to blanket the Britisher and get out on her weather quarter, caused a luffing match, which lasted till the latter had drawn ahead. This, with the help of the tide, which was about half-flood, enabled *Britannia* to carry out a very pretty piece of jockeyship, for she handed in her wind-wooer, gybed over, shot across *Vigilant's* bow, and running it up to starboard, obtained a weather berth, as well as a very fine lead, that was 38 seconds at the Rosebeg when it was rounded. The wind at this time was very light, and had some southing in it. From the Rosebeg to the Kish Light-ship was a broad reach, and while the wind lasted, *Vigilant* gained; but on its beginning to get shy, as might have been expected from past experience of her sailing, the lead was increased little by little up to the light-ship, when it had become 58 seconds. From the Kish to the Muglins was a close reach; but the wind was very uncertain, and, as the mark-boat was neared, worked round to the eastward, so that, had it not been for a heavy rain-squall from the opposite quarter, the couple would have run the distance to the end of the first round under spinnakers. As it turned out, after taking a board inshore, the yachts stood away on the port tack for the line, and concluded the round with only 11 seconds between them.

It was now spinnakers to port and a run to the Rosebeg; but sailing clear of the rain, the yachts found the propeller coming from the east again, and after another luffing match and a close reach they rounded the buoy, *Britannia* 2 minutes 8 seconds ahead of her opponent. The trip out to the Kish was a beat, and with the wind still light, and heavy rain, *Britannia* had so much the best of it that after the run to the Commodore she was 4 minutes 11 seconds to the good.

On the last round *Vigilant* let herself get astern no less than 6 minutes 16 seconds; but the wind, which was inclined to breeze up, shifted as the yachts were outward bound from the Rosebeg, and allowed them to lay their course for the Kish, when *Vigilant*, as she has done more than once before, unhappily always a little too late in the day, began to move ahead, and on the reach to the Muglins and home reduced her time at the finish to 2 minutes 29 seconds.

One thing is quite certain, and that is, when sailing a point or two free, as far as can be judged from past performances, *Vigilant* is most uncertain, and it is impossible to say what she will do. Is this owing to the up or down position of the centreboard at the several turns?

Saturday, 21st July.—Though Dublin Bay is not shut in, still it is a fluky spot at times after all, and to-day the wind was more uncertain and fluky than on any occasion when the two champions met on the Clyde. The wind came from all four quarters in turn. The start was a splendid one, and there was not a second between the two yachts as they crossed the line, *Britannia* in the lee berth.

In the first round, on the reach to the Kish, the competitors were governed by the flaws of air that woke up the calms, and they passed and repassed each other more than once. On the run from the Muglins to the Commodore, *Vigilant* quite shone out in the smart way in which her crew sent her spinnaker up after rounding the Muglins mark, and during the run they seemed to work to perfection in the spinnaker drill to which they were put. *Britannia*, on the contrary, was very slow in setting her wind-persuader.

In the second round the two ships, under a southeasterly breeze, sailed into a belt of calm between the Kish and the Muglins, and drifted fully fifteen minutes. *Vigilant* was the first to pick up a breath from the westward, and benefited accordingly. This round ended by one of those masterly pieces of sailing for which Captain Haff is now so famous over here. The yachts were coming up to the harbor mark close-hauled on the port tack, when a squall struck them, and both had to down jib-topsails. *Vigilant*, being unable to fetch the mark, made a cast inshore on the starboard tack, and so covering *Britannia* as she was coming up, managed to slip away first for the reach to the Rosebeg.

On the third round, as the wind rose (it was fully 6 in some of the squalls), *Vigilant* increased her lead, till, off the Kish, she had logged it 7 minutes 58 seconds; but on the beat up the Muglins, while *Vigilant* went about at once on leaving the light-ship, *Britannia* stood on to the North Kish Buoy before tacking, and having the ebb under her lee bow, seemed at the same time to hold a better wind, so that she was able to reduce the distance between them to 3 minutes 23 seconds on arriving at the mark. After leaving the Muglins, *Britannia* stood too far inshore, and consequently had the draining ebb against her.

The main difference between this and the other fluky races that have been sailed is that the *Vigilant's* luck was with her, and did not allow her, as on former occasions, to lose the benefit of the superior sailing powers which placed her ahead. A new point was visible to-day, which was that *Vigilant* does not mind a fresh breeze with a lop, for she left *Britannia* as if she were at anchor under these conditions.

(*Continued on page 791.*)

AMATEVR SPORT

THE CONGESTION WHICH A FEW WEEKS AGO seemed to threaten the Philadelphia cricket clubs was in due time averted by the judicious action of Germantown and Merion, and now, as the tour proposed by Belmont has in turn been put off, instead of three foreign teams touring the United States next September, there will be only Lord Hawke's. It was, as a matter of fact, a perfectly impossible situation that confronted the Philadelphia cricketers this spring. Announcement had followed announcement, and Belmont was to bring over the Irishmen; Merion a team of amateurs and professionals under the charge of Mr. C. W. Alcock, the well-known Surrey secretary, who has been the English transmitter of international cricket for many years; and Germantown declared a team of professionals to be brought out by Louis Hall, of Yorkshire. This state of things was the direct outcome of the difficulty experienced last autumn in allotting the two Australian matches between the three clubs, the result being that Merion was left out. As both Belmont and Merion have recently extended and improved their grounds and club-houses in order to regain equality with Manheim, the desire to provide international matches for their members has naturally followed. But, luckily for the Philadelphia clubs, the folly of this absurd rivalry in "promoting" demonstrated itself as soon as its effects were seen, and an arrangement between Merion and Germantown followed. Both clubs agreed, with the consent of their correspondents, to drop the teams already slated, and to unite on Lord Hawke, who will come over as their joint guest, one match to be played at Manheim and one at Haverford. It was not long before Belmont announced the postponement of the Irishmen's visit, and thus all is harmony again.

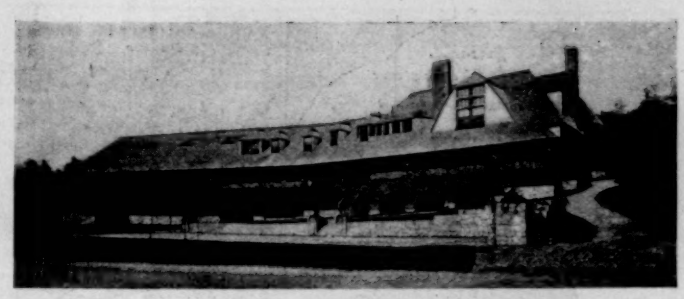
NORWOOD PARK CASINO AND TENNIS-COURTS.

LORD HAWKE PROPOSES TO BRING OVER a stronger team than that of 1892. Of the old eleven he will have himself, Hornsby, Wright, Hillyard (who has greatly improved as a bowler), and McAlpine. New men are J. S. Robinson, Notts; L. C. V. Bathurst, Middlesex and Oxford; G. J. Mordaunt, Kent; C. E. de Trafford, Leicestershire; A. J. L. Hill, Hampshire; G. R. Bardswell, Lancashire, and another. The team is not so strong as Lord Hawke at first hoped. He meant to bring H. T. Hewett, F. S. Jackson—the Yorkshire crack—and Kortright, the fast bowler, but these have all disappointed him. However, it will be a stronger eleven than the first brought over by Lord Hawke, which had a bad "tail end," whereas this will be strong in batting and fielding all the way through. There are five first-rate bats—Hawke, Wright, Robinson, Bathurst, and de Trafford, and the rest are all lively men in active practice.

ESSEX COUNTY CLUB AND TENNIS-COURTS.

WHAT THE TEAM REALLY LACKS is formidable bowling, and on paper the Philadelphians would be far the better choice were it not for the surprising slump in form in Philadelphia all this season. Few of the men who performed so well against Australia have come off with either bat or ball, and the reverses of the formidable Germantown have shown the existence of a sad amount of dry rot in a club which last year was so flushed with long success that it talked of placing two first elevens in the field. Germantown will lose both the Halifax and the Club Record cups (the latter for the first time since its institution) to Belmont and Merion respectively. Not only at home have the Philadelphians done badly, but on their Canadian trip, just finished, nothing like proper dash was shown. The first cheering sign was an old-fashioned first-wicket stand by Captain Patterson and A. M. Wood in a Gentlemen *vs.* Players match at Elmwood last week, when the pair put on 217 runs, both getting centuries.

SPEAKING OF AMERICAN CRICKET, F. H. Bohlen, G.C.C., who went to England early in the spring, has established a precedent by being the first American to become a playing member of the Marylebone Club, and to represent the club in matches. Bohlen, whose work against the Australians last autumn ranked him as the first American batsman of the year, was proposed for membership in the M.C.C. by H. T. Hewett, the ex-captain of Somersetshire, and sailed with hopes for a successful season of practice on English creases. He seems, however, never to have attained his form, and his general work was much below his average. His best performance seems to have been in the second innings of the Leicestershire match, when he opened with Barnes, and the pair forced the hitting. Bohlen's score was in the thirties, which has been his usual figure.



KEBO VALLEY CLUB AND TENNIS-COURTS.
From a Photograph by Charles Fry, Esq.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB cruise did not start off very auspiciously; indeed, the elements seem almost to have entered into a conspiracy with half the members of the club to make the annual start proper at New London rather than Glen Cove. Certain it is that interest appears to be lacking, at least in proportion to the importance of the event, in the first two days of the cruise, despite the effort to quicken it by the inauguration of races on the first day of the rendezvous. Of the very large fleet of the club but a small number was on hand to respond to the Regatta Committee's signal, flown from Vice-Commodore E. M. Brown's *Shearwater*, for the start in the Semi-Centennial Cup's race last Monday. Hard times and the absence of the yachts of the latest racing class combine to make this an off year in racing.

Some sport was expected on the opening of the season by the meeting of *Navahoe*, which spent last year in English waters, and the old *Volunteer*, which, after having made an enviable record as a schooner, has been changed back again to sloop rig by her present owner, Commodore Forbes. But whether because *Volunteer's* mainsail does not fit properly, or her mast is stepped too far astern, or what, the chances of her competing in the races are at present writing rather poor. Thus we are reduced for our racing to the well-known members of the several classes, every one of which are more or less of an open book to yachtsmen. So far as numbers of classes go, there is no lack, but, unfortunately, our fickleness in racing-yachts, which has led us to pick up one class, only to drop it the next year for another, has left us with a job lot of racers which our present measurement does not seem to harmonize. Thus in almost every class we have one modern racer and a lot of comparatively old-timers that do not make very exciting sport. However, be that as it may, we must commend the sportsmanship of those owners who, perfectly aware of the manifest handicap under which they sail, yet come to the scratch and help make the N. Y. Y. Club cruise what it is—the best by long odds of the American season. Maybe, after a time, when we have ridden our hobby of the racing-machine pure and simple to a watery grave, we will fill up the numerous excellent classes which are already well under way.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CUP RACE might more appropriately be called a drifting-match. Lack of a sailing breeze necessitated the delay of the start until the afternoon of Monday, instead of the morning, and it was well on to midnight before the last of the entries finished. *Emerald* sustained the reputation she has made since Mr. Maxwell gave her an overhauling early in the season, and not only beat *Merlin*, as was expected, but also her chief rival, *Ariel*. Of the other schooners, *Shamrock* finished before *Elsiemarie*, *Loyal*, and *Neara* in a race that cannot be recorded as furnishing much excitement. Of the single-stickers, *Queen Mab* beat *Eclipse* handily, and *Wasp* administered another defeat to her old rival, *Gloriana*. Whatever racing we are likely to have in the single-stickers must be furnished by these two relics of the 46-footers, and *Minerva* and *Gossoon* of the once popular 40-foot class; *Katrina*, in the 70-foot class, has really nothing against her, and *Queen Mab* is in practically the same position. In the schooner class the absence of *Lasca* in British waters leaves us without a fitting boat to pit against the recent productions, while the separation into different classes of *Emerald* and *Ariel*, which could enthuse us, makes the situation the more regrettable.

THE FIRST DAY of the cruise proper, to Morris Cove, opened no better than the races off Glen Cove. There was but little wind, and that little was not steady. It was a fluky day that gave no racing worthy the name. *Merlin* turned the tables on *Emerald*; *Elsiemarie* won, with minutes to spare, on the day's run; and *Loyal*, in same class, beat *Viator* somewhat easily on corrected time, though the former finished first by some 5 minutes. *Queen Mab* again defeated *Eclipse* on actual performance, though the two are in different classes; and *Wasp* added one more victory to her list over *Gloriana*; *Gossoon* walked away from *Minerva*, rather surprisingly, finishing 10 minutes to the good, actual time, and winning by 6 minutes, corrected time. *Katrina* was classed with *Navahoe* in the "mixed" lot, but was not in it at any time with Mr. Carroll's 86-footer, being beaten by about 35 minutes, actual time, on the day's sailing.

The first bit of real sailing came on the run from Morris Cove to New London, and *Navahoe* captured the honors of the day by finishing first of the fleet, in excellent time, followed by *Palmer*, which led the schooners. The only incident of the run was a pretty struggle between *Marguerite* and *Ariel*, which resulted, not expectedly, in the latter's triumph. *Ariel* did not leave *Emerald* so far astern on this day's work as she did the previous one, the former doing some smart sailing, and finishing about a minute later on elapsed time, though her corrected time shows 2 minutes better than *Ariel's*. It is to be regretted these two could not have been placed in the same class, as however they may be separated, interest centres largely in their comparative work.

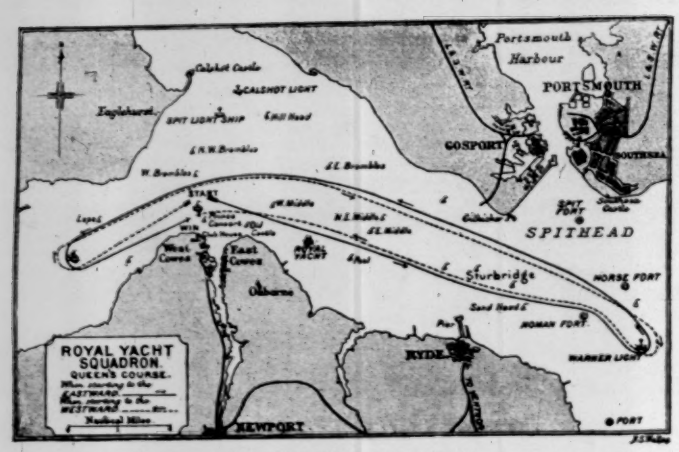
KEBO VALLEY CLUB CHALLENGE TENNIS BOWL.

According to the classification under which the yachts are sailing, *Emerald* beat *Merlin* on this day's run by over 14 minutes, and *Ariel* worsted *Shamrock* about 4 minutes, corrected time. In the other schooner class, *Elsiemarie* again won by a generous margin, and the surprise of the day was probably furnished by the old-timer *Geralia*, which did some astonishingly good sailing, and on corrected time beat *Loyal* something like 4 minutes.

Of the single-stickers, *Navahoe* had no competitor nearer than *Katrina*, which she beat 10 minutes; *Queen Mab* raced away from everything in her class or near it, and finished only 2 minutes astern of *Wasp*, which in turn gave *Gloriana* about her worst beating of the season, winning by 4 minutes. *Gossoon* and *Minerva* had a pretty race, and though the former finished first by a little over 3 minutes on corrected time, the latter retrieved her loss of the previous day by winning on the close margin of 2 seconds.

FROM NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT the squadron made its best run of the cruise; and the appearance of *Volunteer*, which, after many diverse rumors to the contrary, finally did send up her racing number, awakened about the only keen interest of the week. But, alas! it was not the *Volunteer* of old. It seems too bad indeed that the famous sloop should have been called on to race under the present rig.

LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB HOUSE.



QUEEN'S COURSE AT COWES.
From "Yachting:" Badminton Library. Longmans, Green, & Co.

With a mast stepped well amidships she clearly was not equal to doing herself justice, and was sadly beaten by *Navahoe* over a quarter of an hour.

Volunteer is held in affectionate regard by all American yachtsmen for her gallant defence of the *America's* Cup against the Scotch cutter *Thistle* in 1887, as well as for her subsequent meritorious career in sloop and schooner rig, and her beating of Thursday was viewed with regret not untinged by sorrow. Few are willing to believe that the evolution of the racing sloop has left *Volunteer* so far behind as the result of the run from New London to Newport would seem to indicate, and particularly as *Navahoe* is considered some minutes slower than the fastest of the 86-footers. That *Volunteer* is obviously considerably handicapped by her present rig is the more patent from her being beaten by *Mayflower*, *Merlin*, *Palmer*, *Emerald*, *Marguerite*, and *Ariel* in elapsed time on this run, something not apt to occur with her in the old-time form.

Navahoe carried off the honors of the day (Thursday, August 9th), for in addition to giving *Volunteer* such a scoring, she again led the fleet into port, beating *Constellation* on elapsed time about one minute and a half. Mr. Carroll's yacht seems in fact to be in excellent trim, and has done some smart work on the runs from port to port. It is unfortunate indeed that neither *Colonia* nor *Jubilee* of the cup-defending class is in commission to compete with *Navahoe*, and give us a line on her speed. We shall probably have to wait until next year, and even then may sustain further disappointment, for if another challenge for the *America's* Cup comes from England, as seems likely, it will probably be with a smaller boat, and the present 86-footers are apt to be turned into schooners or ignored in the making of a new class of cup-defenders.

THERE WAS A GOOD SAILING BREEZE on the run to Newport, and the schooner class furnished by far the best racing of the day. *Constellation*, which had joined the squadron at New London, and *Mayflower*—although in different classes—fought it out from start to finish, and the latter showed in excellent form, reaching port only about 30 seconds later than Mr. Thayer's schooner. In her own class, *Mayflower*, on elapsed time, beat *Merlin* over 5 minutes, and *Emerald* over 7. In the fourth class, schooners *Marguerite* and *Ariel* made a pretty race of it, and Mr. Hill's handsome yacht was worsted by 2½, and obliged to follow astern of her old rival, *Emerald*, by almost double that time. *Elsiemarie* had nothing in her class to give her a race, winning by about 2 minutes from *Neara* on corrected time, though she beat her on actual sailing by 20 minutes. The old *Gevalia* appears to have been renewing her youth. She has done some excellent sailing, and on corrected time was beaten by *Loyal* only 1 minute. *Katrina* and *Queen Mab*, having nothing in their own class to race with, have sailed over the courses, challenging everything in sight, and both have performed excellently. *Katrina* on this run finished only a few seconds after *Elsiemarie*, and 3 minutes before *Shamrock*, while *Queen Mab*, although 4¼ minutes behind *Katrina* on elapsed time, beat her 8½ minutes on corrected time. *Wasp* added to her already established reputation for consistent work, and beat *Gloriana* 3 minutes; there seems to be no question as to the faster of these two, while the relationship of *Gossoon* and *Minerva* appears equally determined, the latter meeting defeat again by 3 minutes. The *Dagmar*, in fourth class schooners, has not made a very favorable showing against *Ariel*, *Marguerite*, and *Shamrock*, though the last-named sailed well on the run to Newport, and on corrected time was within 10 seconds of taking second prize from *Ariel*.

PROBABLY NO GOELET CUP races ever aroused less previous interest than those of last Friday, which goes to show our tendency to take up new classes and run them to the death, for with an entry list of schooners including *Constellation*, *Ariel*, *Emerald*, *Marguerite*, *Merlin*, *Shamrock*, and *Loyal*, good racing was assured. Although the sloops *Navahoe*, *Wasp*, *Gloriana*, *Queen Mab*, and *Ilderim* were not expected to reveal much that was not already known, none the less it was the first opportunity to see Mr. Carroll's yacht over a racing course, and *Wasp* and *Gloriana* were sure to make a good fight. So it came about that although little was expected by the majority before the event, much was realized by the spectators on the day of racing. Few Goelet races have furnished better sport, once they were under way, for the absence of wind necessitated postponement of start until after one o'clock, and it is always gratifying when these events go off satisfactorily, for none in the yachting year are considered so important, and the best of the season's racers are invariably entered. In former years the cups have been won by:

1882—Schooner Montauk and sloop Fanny.
1883—Schooner Montauk and sloop Gracie.
1884—Schooner Grayling and cutter Bedouin.
1885—Schooner Fortuna and sloop Puritan.
1886—Schooner Grayling and sloop Mayflower.
1887—Schooner Sachem and sloop Volunteer.
1888—Schooner Sachem and sloop Volunteer.
1889—Schooner Sea Fox and sloop Titania.
1890—Schooner Merlin and sloop Volunteer.
1891—Schooner Volunteer and sloop Gloriana.
1892—Schooner Merlin and sloop Harpoon.
1893—Schooner Lasca and sloop Colonia.

The start was one of the prettiest of the year. *Gloriana*, handled very cleverly—indeed, the entire class manœuvred prettily and skilfully—was the first over the line, and well to windward, followed by *Queen Mab*; next came *Wasp*, a bit to leeward of *Gloriana*, followed by *Navahoe*, which went rushing across the line like a scared deer. *Ilderim* was last at the start, and at the finish as well, being badly beaten. Scarcely had the boats got under way when *Wasp* was bothered by an excursion-boat, which stupidly got directly in the course. It would not be a bad idea for the N. Y. Y. Club, on big events, to make a patrol boat at the start of one of its official yachts. Steamboat captains get in the way through ignorance rather than viciousness, and sharp warning would readily clear the course of them.

THE SCHOONERS MADE A PICTURE as they went across the line, with *Emerald* in the lead, well to windward and looking very fit, followed by *Constellation*, *Mayflower*, *Merlin*, *Marguerite*, *Ariel*, *Elsiemarie*, and *Shamrock*, the last two being rather out of it with the rest, but *Shamrock* doing some good work against *Elsiemarie*, and holding her nicely.

Gloriana meanwhile had secured a good lead, but did not retain it long, as from the moment *Navahoe* dashed across the line, she began walking through the single-stickers at a great rate, until off Point Judith, after about 50 minutes' sailing, she was leading the fleet by upwards of two miles, and adding to it every minute. *Navahoe's* work in the race was excellent; she pointed high and footed fast, though her crew handled her canvas somewhat clumsily. Her time out to the first mark averaged a little less than seven knots an hour; pretty good work for the force of wind. *Gloriana* and *Wasp* had a great duel out to the first mark; the latter considerably reduced the former's lead, but *Gloriana* had a good gait on, and maintained her position. Later, she added insult to injury by not only crossing her rival's bow, but afterwards going about on *Wasp's* weather. Here she hung, despite *Wasp's* efforts to shake her off, until just before the first mark, where some clever handling put the crack 46-footer around about 20 seconds before her persistent rival. Once around and cleared away, *Wasp* began to gain, and at the next mark (West Island) had left the *Gloriana* a minute astern. Mr. Gillig held on, however, and proved that the one-time queen of racers had considerable speed in her yet. It was a pretty race throughout this leg. From this mark to the finish, however, *Wasp* sailed away from *Gloriana*, crossing the line about 5 minutes to the good. In the mean time *Navahoe* had continued speeding away, finishing the course 40 minutes before the next boat in the sloop class, *Queen Mab*, and within a few minutes of an hour before *Wasp*. Aside from *Navahoe's* solo performance and the struggle between *Wasp* and *Gloriana*, the sloops furnished nothing of an exciting nature.

THE GREATEST SPORT OF THE RACE was provided by the schooners, and of them all *Emerald* easily carried off the honors. There was considerable merit in her capturing the $1000 cup, but to have actually led *Constellation* all the way over the course was glory indeed. On elapsed time *Emerald* reached the finish-line nearly 6 minutes before Mr. Thayer's big schooner, and administered the most decisive beating of the season to her erstwhile rival *Ariel*, while *Mayflower*, which is of about her measurement, she beat by about 20 minutes. *Mayflower* and *Merlin* made a pretty race throughout, which the former won by 1 minute. *Marguerite* was poorly handled, but nevertheless showed her sterling qualities by beating *Ariel* and the rest on elapsed as well as corrected time, and securing second prize.

AFTER WINNING FROM *Britannia* August 4th with a steady breeze, *Vigilant* again defeated the English boat two days later on the identical course over which the famous old *America*, forty-four years ago, won from the entire British fleet, and first drew attention to this country as a producer of racing yachts. It was *Vigilant* weather on August 4th, and her victory was not unexpected; but the winds on the 6th were light and variable, and the American champion revealed speed under such conditions that she had not before shown in British waters. The course was around the Isle of Wight, sixty miles, and additional interest was added by the starting of *Satanita;* but the weather was evidently not to the latter's liking, and she was completely distanced, finishing about forty minutes after *Vigilant*. As usual, *Britannia* crossed the starting-line first by a few seconds, and, as usual also, secured the weather-berth. *Vigilant*, however, went through *Britannia's* lee, though it set her canvas shivering, and raced after *Satanita*, which in the mean time had forged ahead. At the first mark, about six miles out, *Vigilant* had gained nearly a minute on *Britannia*, and cut down *Satanita's* lead to a minute and a half, and at the next mark had got within 10 seconds of Mr. Clark's big racer. *Vigilant* continued to gain on *Satanita*, and at the next turn had passed and left her astern one minute, though *Britannia*, in the light air that prevailed, had moved up rapidly, and led the American by 7 seconds. From this point the *Satanita* was out of the race, and *Vigilant* and *Britannia* had a duel at jockeying for position, which sent them so far inshore that both scraped bottom, *Britannia* rather harder than her rival, though not losing time enough to have any appreciable influence on the final result of the race, in which she was beaten 8 min. 12 sec. elapsed, and 6 min. 8 sec. corrected time.

Vigilant, *Britannia*, and *Satanita* were to have met again, August 8th, over the Cowes course, for a $500 prize, but neither of the British yachts put in an appearance, and *Vigilant's* owner showed his sportsmanship in not sailing over the course alone to claim the prize, as had *Britannia* a few days previous in northern waters. (The postal-card critic who, masquerading as "An Old Harvard Man," took exceptions to our comment on that incident will please take note.)

After her work in the two immediately previous races, *Vigilant's* performance on the 9th, when she was beaten by *Britannia* 2 min. 13 sec. actual, and 4 min. 17 sec. corrected time, over the Cowes course, is irreconcilable. The wind was steady and fairly strong, nevertheless *Britannia* took the lead at the start, and was never headed. The most incomprehensible feature of the race—to Americans—however, was *Britannia's* beating *Vigilant* nearly 4 minutes in windward work, which constituted about half of the day's contest. In running before the wind *Vigilant* somewhat retrieved herself, and beat *Britannia* 3½ minutes, but the result of the race was a surprise to Englishmen as well as Americans. It may be *Vigilant's* bottom was injured when she bumped the rocks on the 6th, and as she is being hauled out, that will be determined before this issue appears. At all events, *Britannia* was most cleverly handled, and sailed grandly, winning the race on her merits, for there were no calms, and the weather was of good sailing order. *Britannia* got the weather-berth at the start and held it, and *Vigilant* was never able to close the gap once the English boat had secured a commanding lead.

On August 13th *Vigilant* and *Britannia* were to have sailed the first of their series of best two out of three races in open waters—fifteen miles to windward or leeward and return, but as we go to press the event seems to be uncertain. An open course is really the only fair one to test the relative merits of two yachts, and if *Vigilant* is defeated there will be no question of *Britannia* being the better all-round racing yacht. Mr. Gould has also challenged for the Cape May Cup, the course of which is from the Isle of Wight to Cherbourg and return, 122 miles. On these two events hang all the hopes of American yachtsmen.

SUCH INTERESTING LAWN TENNIS has not been seen under club auspices since the old days of Nahant as that provided last week by the Norwood Park Casino on its courts near Long Branch. It was the club's initial effort in this direction, but proved a signal success, establishing a record that has not been approached by any tournament of the season in class of entries and consistently good play throughout the week. It brought together the largest number of the best players that have met on the courts this year, and every one of the matches was worth watching, which is more than can be said of any other of the Association fixtures to date.

Since Nahant abandoned its annual invitation tournament, where the meeting of half a dozen of the leading players made it the most important of the year, a deficiency has existed in the tennis season which none of the several club events seem to have entirely supplied. If now Norwood, by its wise selection of date (just before Newport) and excellency of courts and management, can give us an annual event in which shall be seen the most formidable of the season's players, tennis men and sportsmen generally will be grateful. With this as an assured event, preceded by the Essex, Longwood, Tuxedo, and Southampton tournaments, our interest will be carried through graded and successive stages to the crowning effort of the players at the Newport national championships.

Besides those who played last week at Norwood, O. S. Campbell, W. P. Knapp, Clarence Hobart, V. G. and E. L. Hall, were invited. Campbell and Knapp declared themselves out of tennis singles for the year; Hobart's business engagements would not permit of his attendance; and the Halls accepted, though E. L. was obliged to withdraw because of sickness, and V. G. decided at the eleventh hour to play at Bar Harbor. In pursuance of their idea to make this tournament a thoroughly sportsmanlike event, in which the foremost players of the year should meet under conditions fitting so high a class of entries, the governors of the Norwood Casino determined to leave the question of sets and terms of challenge trophy to the players themselves. At a conference, therefore, it was decided that three out of five sets should constitute a match, every man to meet every other, and none to be required to play more than one match each day. It was further settled upon that the winner of one year should not stand out the next, but enter the tournament on even terms with the others, the trophy becoming personal property on being won twice in three successive years, though the result of each year is to be recorded by engraving the name of the successful one on the cup. These conditions establish a precedent, but are sportsmanly; and if the club maintains the standard it has set, its tournaments bid fair to be, as was the one just concluded, the most interesting of the year, next to Newport.

THE FEATURE OF THE NORWOOD TOURNAMENT may undoubtedly be said to have been Wrenn's good play, and the consequent renewal of confidence by the knowing ones in his ability to successfully defend his title at Newport. That he was very far from normal form his play at Longwood proved, a fact emphasized by his match with Larned on the opening day at Norwood; but even this gave evidence of returning skill, which each subsequent day's play corroborated. Had he been drawn against any other than Larned for his first match, it is more than likely he would have gone through the week without defeat. In Larned, however, he met a player who is not only one of the most skilful of the ten leaders, but had been showing the strongest and most consistent game of the season. His defeat was expected, but that it should be in three straight sets was somewhat of a surprise, as his quality of arising to an emergency seemed to presage at least one set for him. Larned, however, played with consummate skill, putting such pace in his drives, and working the side-lines so accurately, that Wrenn did not dare run to the net, and lacked practice to place out of his opponent's reach. The following day saw the beginning of Wrenn's better play, when he defeated Stevens—8-6, 6-1, 6-1. He could not have had better practice for his deficient net game than Stevens gave him in the first set, and the result was apparent in the boldness with which he ran to the net in the second and third, taking them easily. A real test of Wrenn's form was expected when he met Chace, and for the first set of the first match the latter's side-line drives and lobs were too much for the champion's net play. Chace continued strong in placing in the second set, and only lost it after very close work; but Wrenn's play improved greatly thereafter, and he won the last two sets handily, and the match—4-6, 8-6, 6-0, 6-2. In their second match, to decide the tie for first prize, Wrenn's very clever net-work was irresistible for two sets; in the third, however, Chace delayed the verdict by some of the best lobbing of the week, but his opponent finally won, and with it the match—6-0, 6-1, 11-9. Wrenn's strength in an up-hill game was exhibited to best advantage in his play with Goodbody, who, having won the first two sets, lost the succeeding three and the match—4-6, 4-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1.

It is to be regretted that space does not permit the extended comment the other matches of the tournament deserve, and which must be deferred until next week, when the chances of the players at Newport will be discussed. Suffice it to say here that Chace showed his top form in his match with Goodbody, whom he defeated—7-5, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4—in some of the best tennis seen this year, and that Larned revealed his strength and his weakness in his matches with Wrenn, from whom he won, and Goodbody and Chace—by both of whom he was beaten—2-6, 8-6, 6-4, 6-0, and 6-2, 3-6, 6-3, 1-6, 6-3.

Matches Won.	Matches Lost.	Wrenn.	Chace.	Larned.	Goodbody.	Stevens.
R. D. Wrenn			2	1	1	1
Malcolm Chace				1	1	1*
W. A. Larned		1				1*
M. F. Goodbody				1		1
Richard Stevens						

* Default.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

"VIGILANT"—"BRITANNIA" RACES IN IRISH WATERS.

(*Continued from page 788.*)

Monday, 23d July.—To-day has been the Royal Munster Yacht-Club's turn for showing sport, and the yachts, which had been towed from Kingstown by the *Atalanta*, were ready under way long before the five-minute gun. The course is the only one that we have round our coasts that favors the open ocean entirely, and it was right, therefore, so that the friendly trials may be complete, for *Vigilant* and *Britannia* not to omit sailing off Queenstown. The wind was about 4 to 6 in the hard squalls, and once or twice they must have reached a force of 7.

In the first round it was simply marvellous the way in which *Vigilant*, after being 16 seconds astern at the start, ran through *Britannia's* lee on the reach out to the Poor Head flag-boat. There was a spanking breeze offshore about due north. In the nose-ender from the Daunt Rock Light-ship to Roche's Point, by keeping well to the eastward in her boards, *Vigilant* had the ebb-tide under her lee bow, while *Britannia* in working inshore had the stream setting on her weather beam. Apart from this, *Vigilant* again showed to the front by beating *Britannia* on each tack by sheer sailing.

In the second round the wind increased at first to a good 6, and it is worth noting that the speed from Roche's Point to Poor Head was done at the rate of close on 12 knots per hour—5¼ knots in 25 minutes.

In the third round, *Vigilant*—as has often been her wont—had placed herself 7 minutes 6 seconds ahead at the Poor Head, and also, according to her general luck, sailed into a calm, to be passed by *Britannia*. The wind the whole time was stronger near the shore. On rounding the Daunt Rock, however, a very heavy squall struck the yachts, fortunately for them before they had had time to harden in their sheets, because they both lay down to it—*Vigilant* almost on her beam-ends, at all events the water was playing on her deck right up to her skylights. Nothing could be done beyond sailing them through it, and they dragged themselves along till it passed over, luckily without carrying away so much as a yarn. *Vigilant* carried a jib-header, and *Britannia* a jackyard top-sail aloft through the whole race. *Britannia* won by 43 seconds. The water was comparatively smooth, though the spindrift was flying freely in the squalls, and there was no ocean swell running, so that to all intents and purposes the course was not unlike any of those which are partly landlocked. The ocean course has as yet taught us nothing that we did not know before.

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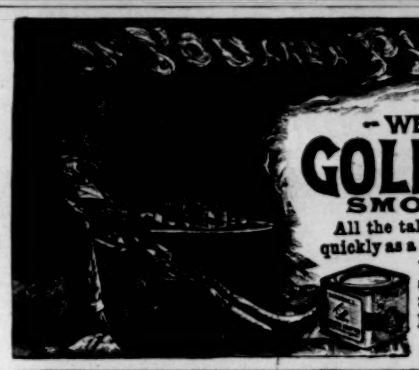

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